DECAMERON

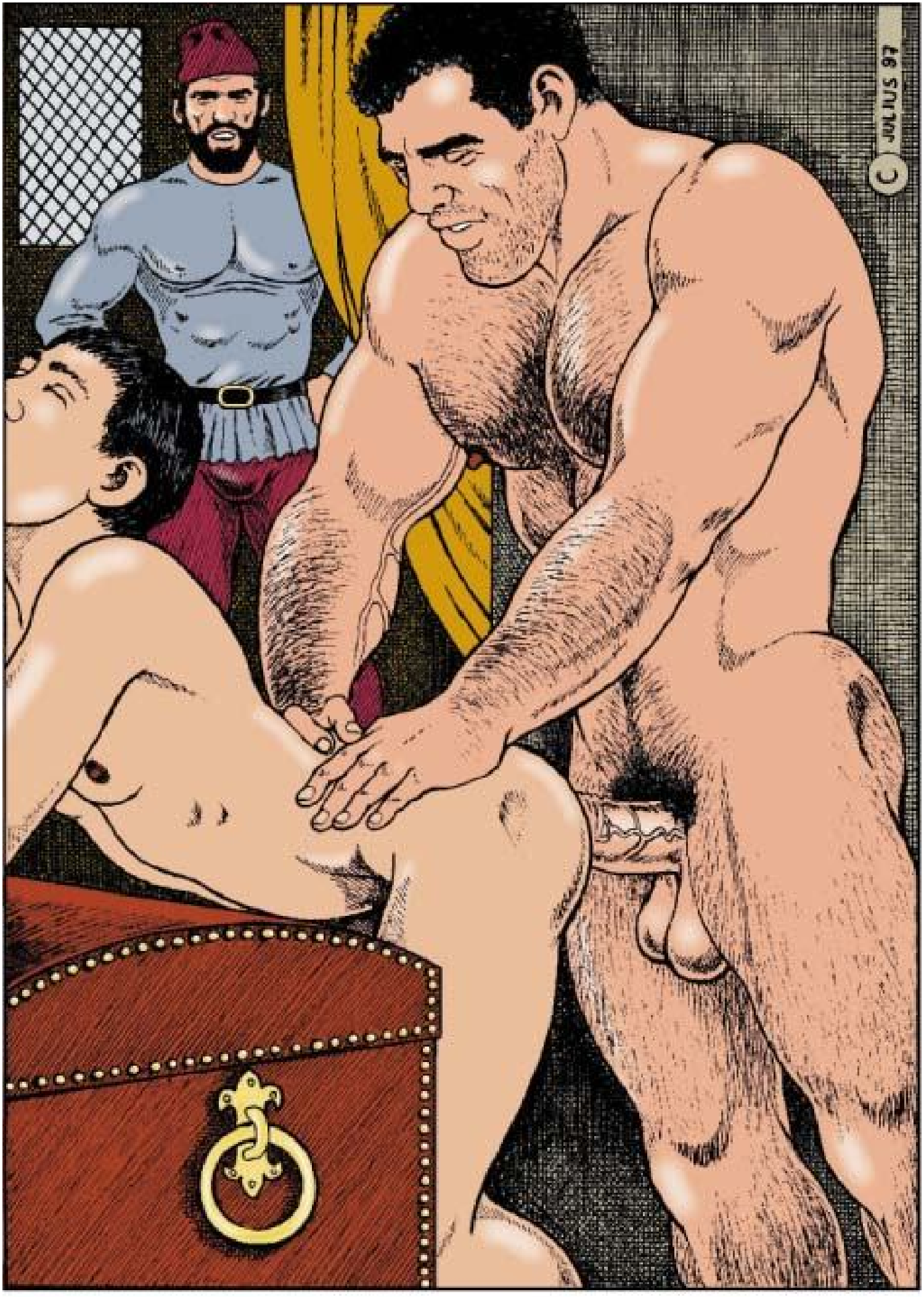
In 1348 a terrible pestilence hit the city of Florence. Within a few weeks it had turned into an epidemic that couldn´t be stopped. The plague reaped its grim harvest among the citizens of Florence, killing men and women, adults and children, good and bad with equal fury. Whole families were often wiped out within days and there was no cure to the fatal illness.

The constant masses and pious prayers of the clergy had no effect on the pestilence. In vain the priests sprinkled holy-water and burned incense; in vain the monks sang hymns and burned candles; in vain the flagellants tortured their sinful bodies. God remained indifferent to the sufferings of the people.

As the situation worsened, the citizens of Florence lost their faith and all they cared for was to save themselves. The bonds of friendship or those of kinship lost their meaning, and everybody sought after their own pleasure and well-being. Since a man waking up in perfect health might very well be dead before the sun went down, the townspeople considered modesty and moderation pure folly and fell to all kinds of excesses. "Live today and let the Devil take care of tomorrow" was their motto.

Among those were also two friends, Filippo Balducci and Marino Bolgaro. They were husky men in their prime, good-looking and beautifully built. They had lost most of their families to the horrible disease. Filippo only had his son, Gianni, left and Marino had lost all but his sons, Paolo and Antonio. One morning Marino went to see his friend, Filippo, and to his surprise he saw that the door was wide open. Anticipating the worst, he climbed upstairs. Marino was sure to find his friend dead, even more so when he heard Gianni´s desperate moans turn louder and louder as he approached Filippo´s bedroom. He was not prepared for what he saw. Stark naked, Filippo was fucking his nude son against a large chest with fierce energy . Unnoticed Marino quickly retired behind a heavy door curtain and secretly watched his friend's activities.

As Filippo´s big cock slid back and forth inside him, Gianni moaned loudly, tossing his head from side to side. His smooth buns shivered uncontrollably as Filippo´s veiny shaft moved in and out in his tight hole with increasing velocity. "Oh, Papa! Don´t stop now. I´m cumming, I´m cumming, ooooh!" Gianni moaned, and as his Daddy gave him more cock, Marino´s hefty tool turned rock hard as he watched Filippo´s hairy ass clenching and relaxing to the pace of his forceful fuck strokes. His big balls were the size of apples and his hefty cock was swollen huge. Seeing that Filippo and Gianni were quickly approaching their climax, Marino sneaked out and hurried downstairs.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He walked up and down the streets of Florence in a turmoil of passion. His big cock remained inconveniently hard for hours and reminded him of what he had wittnessed with his own eyes. It had been plain to see that Gianni enjoyed his Daddy´s fucking tremendously, and the tormented Marino couldn´t get Gianni´s smooth buns out of his mind. Glistening with sweat those lovely buns had shivered and trembled while Filipo´s robust rod stretched Gianni´s tight sphincter to the limit. Filippo was handsomely endowed, but so was Marino. If Gianni enjoyed Filippo´s cock, the boy was sure to love his cock too, Marino reasoned. What harm could there be if he too had a little fun with Gianni? He decided to try his luck and seduce the son of his friend at the first suitable moment. His chance came when Filippo made a trip to Fiesole.

Filippo owned a small farm in Fiesole and a few days after this incident he had to go there. He took his servant, Gerbino, with him and left the city early in the morning. Marino knew about it and no sooner were they gone when Marino hurried to Filippo´s house pretending that he had forgotten all about Filippo´s trip. Since it was early in the morning, Gianni was still in bed, just as Marino had hoped. Dressed only in a short night shirt the sleepy boy opened the door. Rubbing his eyes, Gianni told Marino that Filippo had gone to Fiesole and wasn´t expected to return until late at night.

"Well, I didn´t come for Philippo, I came for you," Marino said and gently guided the sleepy boy upstairs.

Gianni thought that his Daddy had arranged Marino to look after him in his absence. He protested saying that he was old enough to look after himself as he crept back into his bed.

"Sure you are," Marino said in a low voice. "In fact you are old enough to be profoundly fucked, and that is why I´m here."

When it dawned on Gianni what Marino had said, he jumped up in his bed and there was not a trace of drowsiness in him anymore. Marino was standing buck naked by his bed fondling his huge erect cock. Blushing, Gianni gazed at Marino´s muscular body and tried to cover his hardening cock.

"I dont think Papa is going to like that," Gianni said trying to take his eyes off Marino´s turgid cock. "It´s not for him, and besides, who´s here to tell him?"

Marino asked and stepped closer to the shivering boy. "While fucking your Daddy´s best friend may be considered inappropriate, it´s definitely less condemnable than fooling around with your own Daddy. I know that my lusty friend has initiated you into the pleasures of the flesh, and you have learned to love his big fat cock inside you. Let me assure you, my boy, that my cock will open the gates of Paradise for you just as swiftly and make you feel just as ecstatic when it penetrates your smooth velvety butt," Marino said and crept into Gianni´s bed.

The touch of Marino´s nude body made Gianni so excited that he could feel his own pulse all over his body. Marino pulled the trembling boy into his strong arms and gave him a passionate kiss. For a rugged mature man like Marino it was an easy task to seduce a horny boy like Gianni, and to fascinate him with his experience and skill. what Marino hadn´t taken into account was that he might fall in love with his innocent prey, and that´s exactly what happened. It was soon apparent that Gianni totally fascinated Marino with his innocence and eagerness to please his rugged lover. Gianni´s tight butt and his susceptibility turned Marino into a maniac, and he fucked Gianni over and over again just to see the ecstatic boy go through yet another shattering orgasm.

When Marino finally left his friend´s house, Gianni was reduced to a blissful stupor. Drained of all strength, he lolled in his bed and fondled his body the way Marino had done. He inhaled the smell of Marino´s nude body that still lingered on the sheets, and he very nearly got a new orgasm each time he remembered what he had experienced in the strong arms of lusty Marino.
While Marino walked home, he was already planning how he could fuck Gianni again. Despite the numerous orgasms, Marino´s big cock turned hard every time he thought about Filippo´s gorgeous son.

To be continued.....

Gianni was still in bed when Filippo returned home in the evening. Exhausted by Marino´s tireless fuckings, Gianni was sound asleep and his night shirt had risen leaving his bare butt in full view. Filippo gazed at his son´s peachy buns with fast growing lust. Gianni moved in his sleep, and Filippo saw a familiar silvery streak glittering between Gianni´s beautifully curved buns. Cautiously he took a drop of it at the tip of his finger and sniffed.

Then he noticed Marino´s garter on the floor. There was no doubt in Filippo´s mind what Gianni had been doing in his absence. Furious, Filippo woke up his son roughly and demanded an explanation. There was no way Gianni could have lied to his Daddy, and the ashamed boy told Filippo what had happened. When he heard how sly Marino had reached his target by cunning means, Filippo could not be angry at his remorseful son anymore. Instead he stripped off his clothes and joined his loving son in the bed. Despite the hardships of his trip, Filippo was determined to show his son what a real assman could do, and thus the ecstatic boy was profoundly fucked the second time that day.

Working like a Trojan, Filippo plowed Gianni´s bare butt and forced the boy to moan and groan in ecstasy time and time again as violent orgasms tore through his shivering body. His nails buried deep in his Daddy´s muscular back, and fervently eating Filippo´s earlobes, Gianni surrendered to his Daddy´s fierce fucking. That night Filippo proved to Gianni that he was a cocksman without par in Florence.

When he met Marino the next day, Filippo acted as usual, giving no hint that he was aware of Marino´s deceit. Marino thanked the Madonna that his crime had apparently gone unnoticed, but he couldn´t get Gianni out of his mind, and he became semi-hard remembering the boy´s tight ass. Marino was contemplating ways to repeat his crime, and Filippo kept a close watch on his friend. When he saw the signs of growing pressure in Marino, Filippo told him that he had to return to Fiesole asking Marino to join him. Amused, Filippo listened to his friend´s numerous excuses for staying in Florence while it was plain to see what Marino had on his mind.

In the morning, Filippo told Gianni that as soon as he had left, Marino was going to knock at the door. He was to be let in, and Gianni was to entertain him in any way he was asked until he heard his Daddy´s return. He would then quickly hide Marino in the large chest in Filippo´s bedroom and lock it. After making sure that Gianni knew what to do, Filippo kissed and hugged his son and then left with his servant, Gerbino.

Filippo and Gerbino had hardly left for Via San Pancrazio when Gianni heard Marino´s knocking. As Gianni opened the door, lusty Marino rushed in and started to peal off his clothes. Hurriedly, Marino lead Gianni upstairs, throwing his clothes all over the place. When they reached Gianni´s room, Marino was already stark naked and his sturdy cock was looking dangerous in its heat.

He stretched the boy out on top of the bed and without further ceremonies, Marino mounted the heaving boy. Marino thrust his rock hard cock inside gasping Gianni to the hilt, and with great pleasure he watched the heaving boy throw his beautiful head from side to side as Marino´s big fat cock moved inside him. Soon the lusty man lost all control and he fucked Gianni desperately moaning in a frantic frenzy. They were just reaching the long postponed climax when the door downstairs slammed loudly. "Oh, my God. It´s Papa! What are we going to do now?" said Gianni in shock, and tried to rise. And although alarmed, Marino had shot his load all the same, and gasped on top of him.

"Come quickly, we must hide you," Gianni said and took Marino into his Daddy´s bedroom. "Go in there," Gianni said opening the large chest. Marino had no time to think as the heavy steps of his friend approached, and he quickly crept into the chest. Gianni had barely time to lock the chest before Marino heard Filippo´s deep voice and crossed himself in relief.

Following Filippo´s orders, Gianni then rushed to Marino´s house. Marino´sons Paolo and Antonio were Gianni´s pals, and he brought them to see his Daddy who had important news for them. Grave-faced Filippo then told them what Marino had done and explained what he expected from Paolo and Antonio for compensation. Antonio was shocked, but Paolo was more than willing to do what Filippo asked. For quite some time he had letched after hunky Filippo, and the prospect of getting laid by him excited the horny boy tremendously.

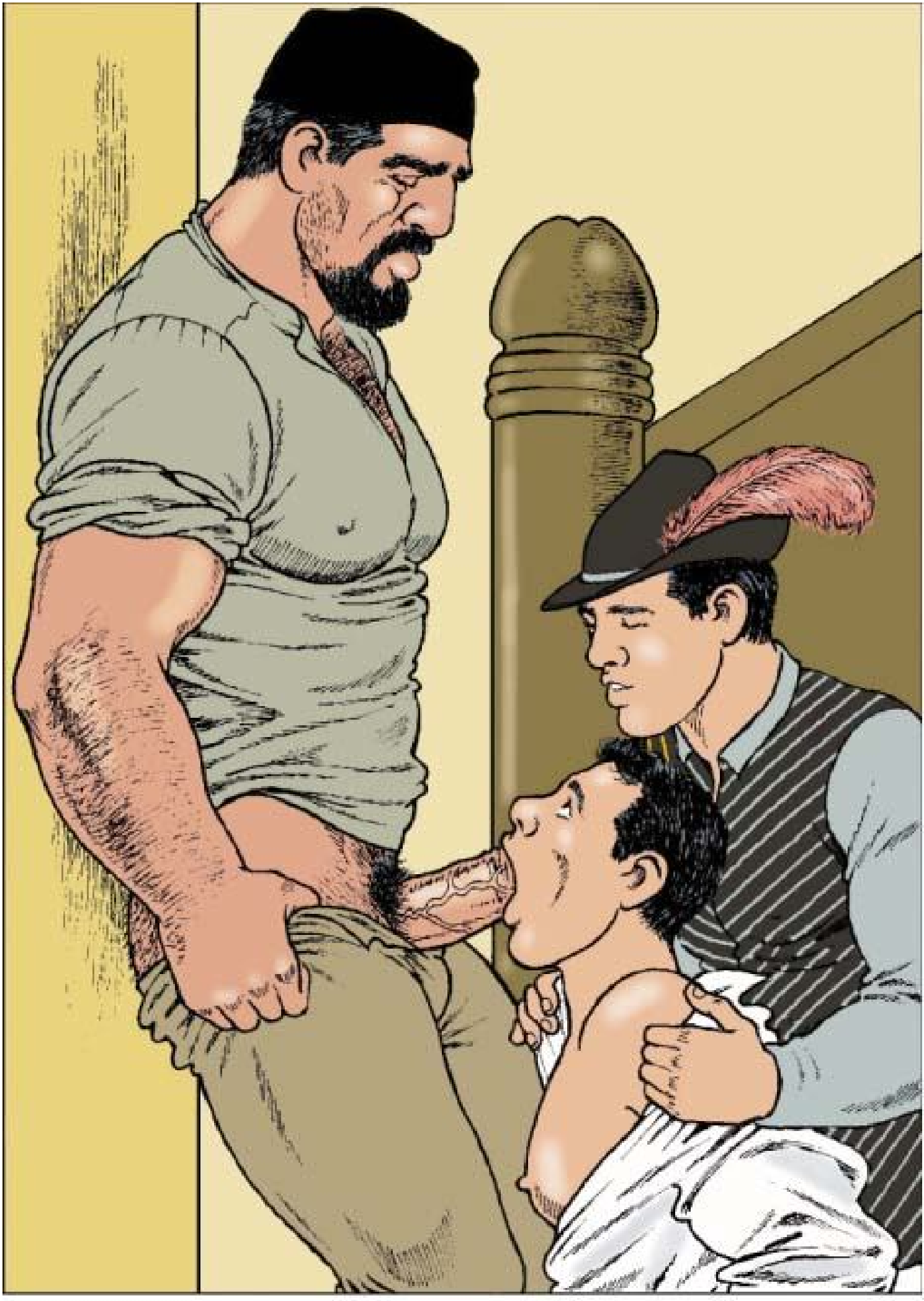
While Gianni and Gerbino guarded Antonio, Filippo took Paolo upstairs. As they stripped off their clothes, Paolo´s cock turned rock hard at the sight of Filippo´s massive equipment. When Filippo took Paolo into his strong arms and stretched the boy out on top of the large chest, the horny boy asked Filippo to be gentle with him and fondled Filippo´s muscular body with unconcealed excitement. When Filippo thrust his solid shaft inside the willing boy, Paolo whined and trembled in ecstasy. "Oooh! I never thought it would feel so good! Please, signor Balducci, let me have all of it! I want to feel every inch of your marvellous member inside me," Paolo groaned breathlessly.

Helpless Marino recognized his son´s voice, but locked in the chest he was forced to listen to his devious friend forcefully fucking his son and copping Paolo´s cherry. He heard Paolo´s intense moaning while Fillippo rammed his butt and the heavy chest jolted under their weight. Then he heard Filippo´s bellowing as they reached their climax and Filippo shot his load inside the howling boy. Paolo got a shattering orgasm and Marino was forced to hear how the delirious boy spasmed in the aftermath of the fierce fucking, and whispered sweet nothings in his husky lover´s ear.

Meanwhile Gianni and Gerbino persuaded reluctant Antonio to give in and let Filippo fuck him. "Have you ever been fucked?" Gianni asked. "Of course not. It´s a sin and I don´t risk the salvation of my soul with anything like that," Antonio answered. "I respect your piousness, but I think you are misguided. God has given each man a candle that burns in his honor," Gianni said and opened Gerbino´s fly. Out bounced a turgid cock which rapidly increased in size when Gianni stroked its robust shaft. He took the bloated knob into his mouth and sucked Gerbino´s cock for a while. When he took the hefty cock out of his mouth, it bounced in perpendicular and lifted its crimson head high up against Gerbino´s hairy belly. "See? Now it´s burning and I lit it. I guess with an innocent mouth like yours it could be turned into a veritable torch. Why don´t you try it?" Gianni asked.

In growing excitement Antonio had watched how the thick veins bulged out on Gerbino´s big fat cock and the pliable skin was stretched tight on the thick solid shaft. The bloated crimson knob glistened wet and made Gerbino´s cock look like a burning candle. Suddenly Antonio realized that his own cock had lifted its head and was soon jutting hard and fully erect. To hide his erection, Antonio then knelt in front of Gerbino and was so curious that he pulled the bloated head to his lips. Cautiously he took the hot knob into his mouth and started to suck it the way Gianni had done. Antonio was soon so excited that he hardly noticed when Gianni stripped off his clothes. Gerbino held Antonio´s beautiful head in his strong hands and gently guided his robust rod deeper into his wet mouth while Gianni stroked Antonio´s rock hard cock. He took Antonio´s jutting cock into his hot mouth and began to suck it ravenously. Antonio´s sweet mouth soon brought lusty Gerbino to a climax, and with shaky legs he thrust his throbbing cock deep into Antonio´s throat and shot his load. Gasping and heaving, Antonio stretched out on the floor and opened his crotch fully to his lusty friend. Gianni milked Antonio´s cock with his hungry mouth and in a moment the innocent boy wasn´t innocent anymore. Wriggling and moaning in ecstasy, Antonio buried his fingers into Gianni´s thick hair and pulled his face even closer until a stunning orgasm shook his body and left the heaving boy lying limp on the floor. With a broad smile Gianni wiped his mouth and said, "If you think that was great, wait till Papa fucks you." That was how Filippo and Paolo found them when they finally came downstairs. "I´m hungry like a wolf, Gerbino. Let´s have something to eat," Filippo said and they gathered around the table naked to have a light lunch.

Antonio was seated next to Filippo and couldn´t help seeing the man´s big fat cock while Gianni explained what had happened. Filippo´s semi-hard cock arose from a dark thicket of pubic bush, and each time Antonio looked at it the sole eye on the shiny skinned head seemed to wink at him. "Do you want to light my candle, Antonio?" Filippo asked abruptly, and blushing violently, Antonio lowered his eyes only to see Filippo´s massive cock now in its full glory. He felt Filippo´s big hand fondling his neck and saw him open his furry legs as he pressed Antonio´s face closer to his crotch. Antonio watched Filippo´s sturdy cock in awe and then took the big solid knob into his mouth. He heard a sharp hissing sound as Filippo drew air through his clenched teeth and his cock was rock hard now. Filippo fondled Antonio´s curly hair until the embarrassed boy relaxed a little and ate his meat with growing avidity. He then pulled his cock out of Antonio´s mouth and said, "Look how it glows! You sure know how to light a candle, but can you also blow it out?"



It´s dangerous to leave a burning candle like this unattended. Let´s go upstairs and I´ll show you a sure way to extinguish the fire you have started," Filippo said and led Antonio upstairs. In Gianni´s room he stretched Antonio out on top of the big chest and gave the innocent boy his first thorough fucking.

It had been hard enough for Marino to hear Paolo´s heated moaning while Filippo vigorously fucked his son, but it was even harder to listen to Antonio´s spontaneus expressions of delight when Filippo´s sturdy cock impaled him. Antonio´s lusty shrieks were mixed with Filippo´s deep-chested grunts as he plowed Antonio´s virgin butt with fierce energy. The unfeigned enthusiasm of the innocent boy and the unusual tightness of his strong sphincter further incited his mature lover, and with vigor and vim, Filippo fucked the willing boy. His red-hot cock grazed Antonio´s tender prostate incessantly and the lusty boy gasped and heaved in utter excitement, but soon his organs couldn´t take it anymore and he exploded in a shattering orgasm. Fighting against cumming, Filippo watched Antonio´s ecstatic wriggling as the powerful orgasm tore through his slim body, but he lost the fight and with loud bellowing he charged his load and collapsed on top of the heaving boy. Antonio wrapped his arms around sweaty Filippo and sighed with a faint voice, "That was great, just great."

Gianni, Paolo and Gerbino had listened to the sounds of their fierce lovemaking and in no time they too were engaged in hot sex. Paolo was lying on the table and while Gerbino fucked his ass, Paolo served Gianni with his mouth. The heavy oak table clattered on the tiled floor as husky Gerbino moved his substantial tool with irresistible force, but Paolo was no fledgling either. With his intense sucking he had brought Gianni to the brink of cumming, and without mercy he forced his friend over the edge. When Gerbino saw that Gianni was about to explode, he pulled the boy closer and shoved his big wet tongue into his mouth. While kissing the delirious boy passionately, Gerbino exploded and filled Paolo´s tight cavity with his hot cum. Impaled from both ends, poor Paolo lost control long before that and spurted his gooey cum all over his trembling body. Gianni and Gerbino licked Paolo´s body when Filippo and euphoric Antonio returned.

After a short discussion Gianni and Filippo decided that Marino had suffered enough and they all went upstairs. As Gianni unlocked the fateful chest, Paolo and Antonio were shocked to see their Daddy in his birthday suit. "I hope you learned your lession, my friend," Filippo said with a grave face. "You tricked Gianni to have sex with you, and I paid you back by seducing your sons. They only did it to help you. You should be proud of sons who are willing to go to such extremes to save their Daddy. We are even now, but if you don´t behave nicely, Gerbino and I shall throw you out. To assure you that there are no hard feelings between us, I hope that you and you excellent sons will enjoy dinner with us. I´m sure that after those uncomfortable hours in the chest you can use some good food and wine to revitalize your body and soul." Filippo said.

The dinner was delightful, and now that there were no secrets between them, they enjoyed each other´s company even more. The house was filled with laughter and merriment. The wine made them more relaxed and they kissed and fondled each other without any restrictions. Paolo played with Marino´s erect cock when Filippo tapped his glass and asked their attention.

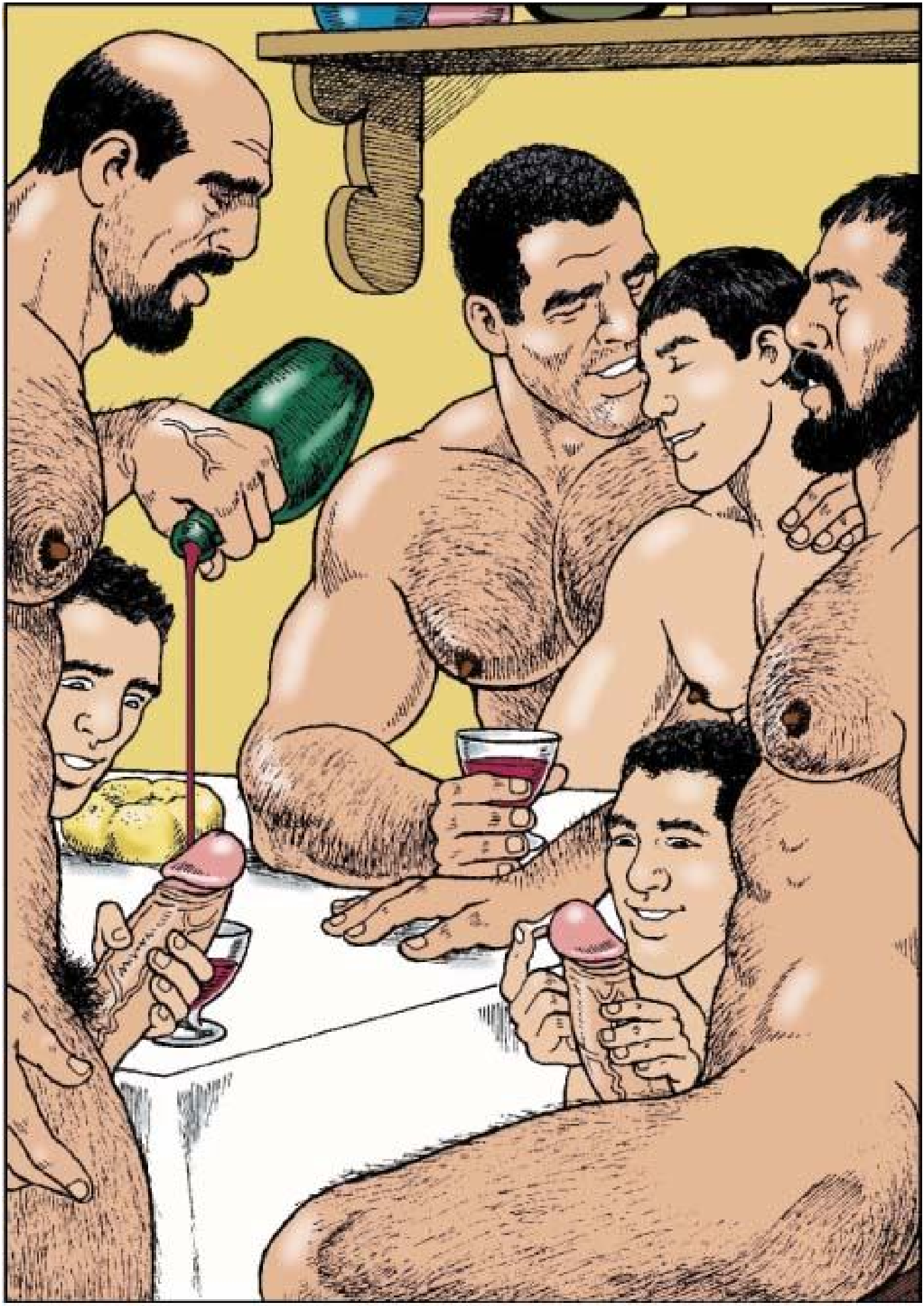
"Dear friends. As we all know, good God has turned his back on us and a terrible plague is persecuting the citizens of Florence with ever-increasing fierceness. Our duty is to endure this punishment and try to say alive as long as we can. While I visited my house in Fiesole, I was surprised to see that there was no illness there. I therefore suggest that we move into my house in Fiesole. We can take with us what we need and live in isolation until this ordeal is over, like Noah during the great flood. If the horrible disease should then kill us anyway, at least we would have enjoyed life fully and without any restrictions to the last breath. What do you say?"

Filippo´s proposal was greeted with general enthusiasm and they decided to leave Florence as soon as possible. Since Filippo´s house had ten bedrooms, they decided to ask some of their friends to join them. By then the enthusiasm was so animated that they had to discharge their energy in bed. While Filippo took Gianni into his bed, Marino fucked ecstatic Paolo in the other room and Gerbino gave cock to his pious brother. Intense moans and other sounds of hectic sexual activity were heard from everywhere. It was well past midnight before Filippo´s house was filled with peace and quiet again.

The next few days were filled with hectic activity as they arranged their trip, but then everything was ready and they left Florence in high spirits. Marato Garisendi, a big and strong horseman, had joined them, and all provisions were loaded in his carriages. The best part of provisions came from Ricciardo Malespini, a jovial in-keeper who had also joined them. The provisions were guarded by a husky cavalry officer, Lorenzo d´Oria and his squire, Giannotto. Among them were also a hairy blacksmith, Alfio Bolgaro and his young apprentice, Piero, a stalwart butcher, Bruno Borsiere and his two sons, Berto and Diego, as well as Gerardo Alberighi and his journeyman baker, Massetto. When they arrived in Fiesole, Filippo´s tenant, Ruggiero Palmieri and his three sons, Tancredo, Ferondo and Tenaldo, already waited for them with a sumptuous dinner.

Since the air was still hot, the table was set on a covered terrace overlooking a vale. The air was pure and clean and the birds were singing all around them. Suddenly plague-infested Florence seemed like a bad dream, and gaily they gathered around the table. Filippo tapped his glass again for attention.

"My friends. We are gathered here to enjoy fully what may be our last days on this earth. Therefore I suggest that everybody does his best to make our stay as pleasant as possible. Ruggiero and his sons are going to need some help in taking care of us and we shall share the pleasures and the duties equally. In the afternoons, when the weather is too hot for any activity, we will gather here and spend time comfortably in the shade of this leafy roof. I suggest that each man acts as a king for a day. He chooses the food and wine we get and entertains us with an amusing story when we gather here in the afternoon. How does this sound to you, my friends?" Filippo asked.



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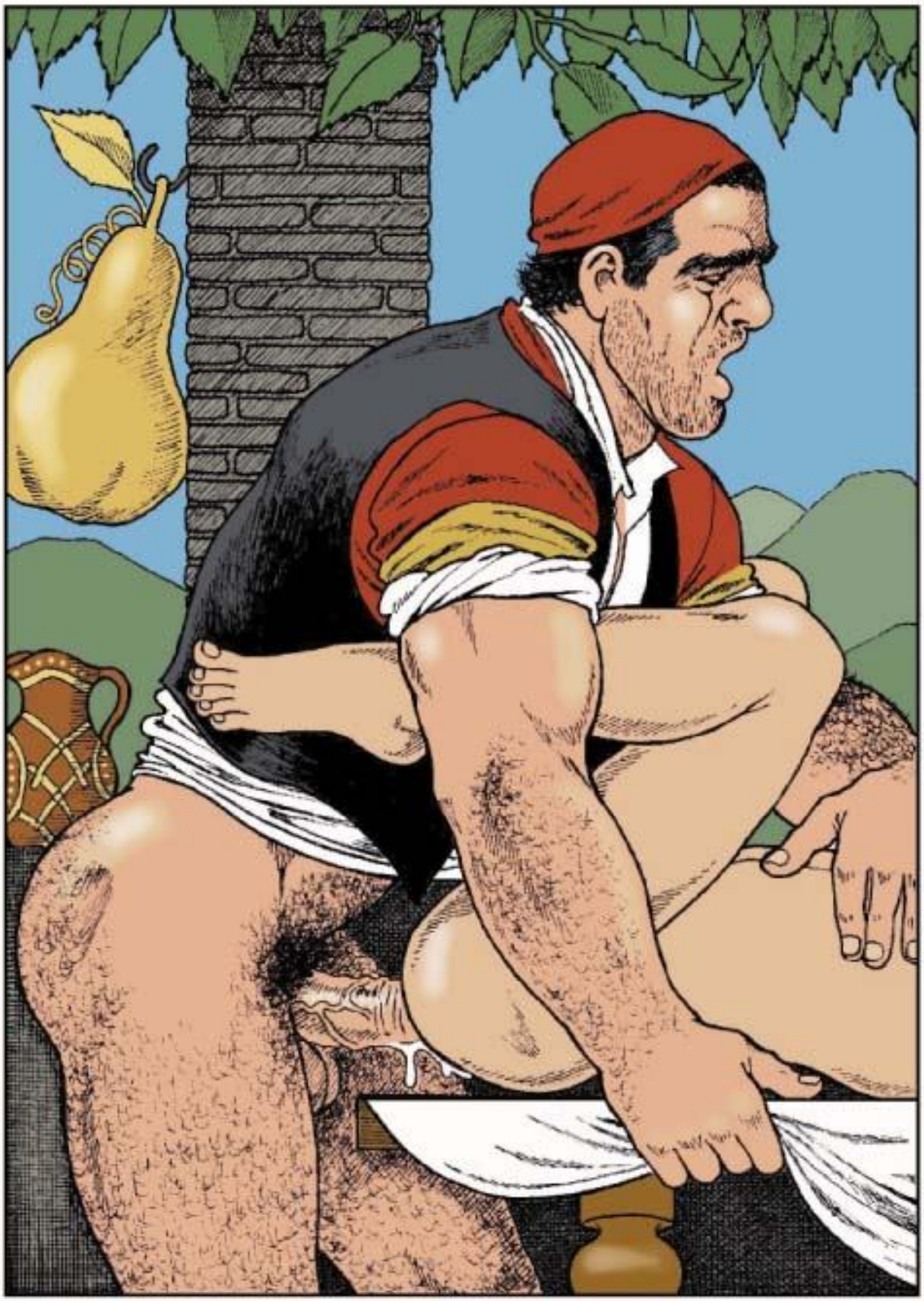
Filippo´s proposal was accepted with great enthusiasm, and he was unanimously chosen to act as the first king. In high spirits they started to eat the excellent food Ruggiero and his sons had prepared. As they nourished themselves and while a lively conversation was going on around the table, a lot was happening under the table too. Ruggiero served Gianni some partridge and with his free hand he unabashedly fondled the boy´s bulging crotch. Filippo´s big hand caressed Ferondo´s beautifully curved buttocks while Marato couldn´t keep his fingers off Tancredo´s full basket. Gerbino had shoved his hairy hand inside Piero´s tight pants and cautiously stroked his erect cock, while Marino guided Berto´s hand to his open fly. Diego stooped down to pick up his napkin and faced Ricciardo´s nude cock in its full glory. Gerardo had buried his quick fingers deep in Gianotto´s butt, and Masetto massaged Bruno´s big fat cock under cover of the table cloth. Lusty Paolo had secretly exposed his jutting cock to Alfio´s hungry eyes, and Antonio sat on Lorenzo´s lap rubbing his hot furrow against Lorenzo´s rock hard cock. It was no wonder that two by two they started to disappear inside the house claiming that it was getting too hot outside.



When Ruggiero finally had his chance, he oiled his massive cock with olive oil and threw naked Gianni on the dinner table. Ruggiero penetrated the moaning boy in a passionate fury, but there was nobody left to hear Gianni´s ecstatic moans and Ruggiero´s roaring bellows, despite the awful racket that the table and the dinner plates made while Ruggiero fiercely fucked the delirious boy.

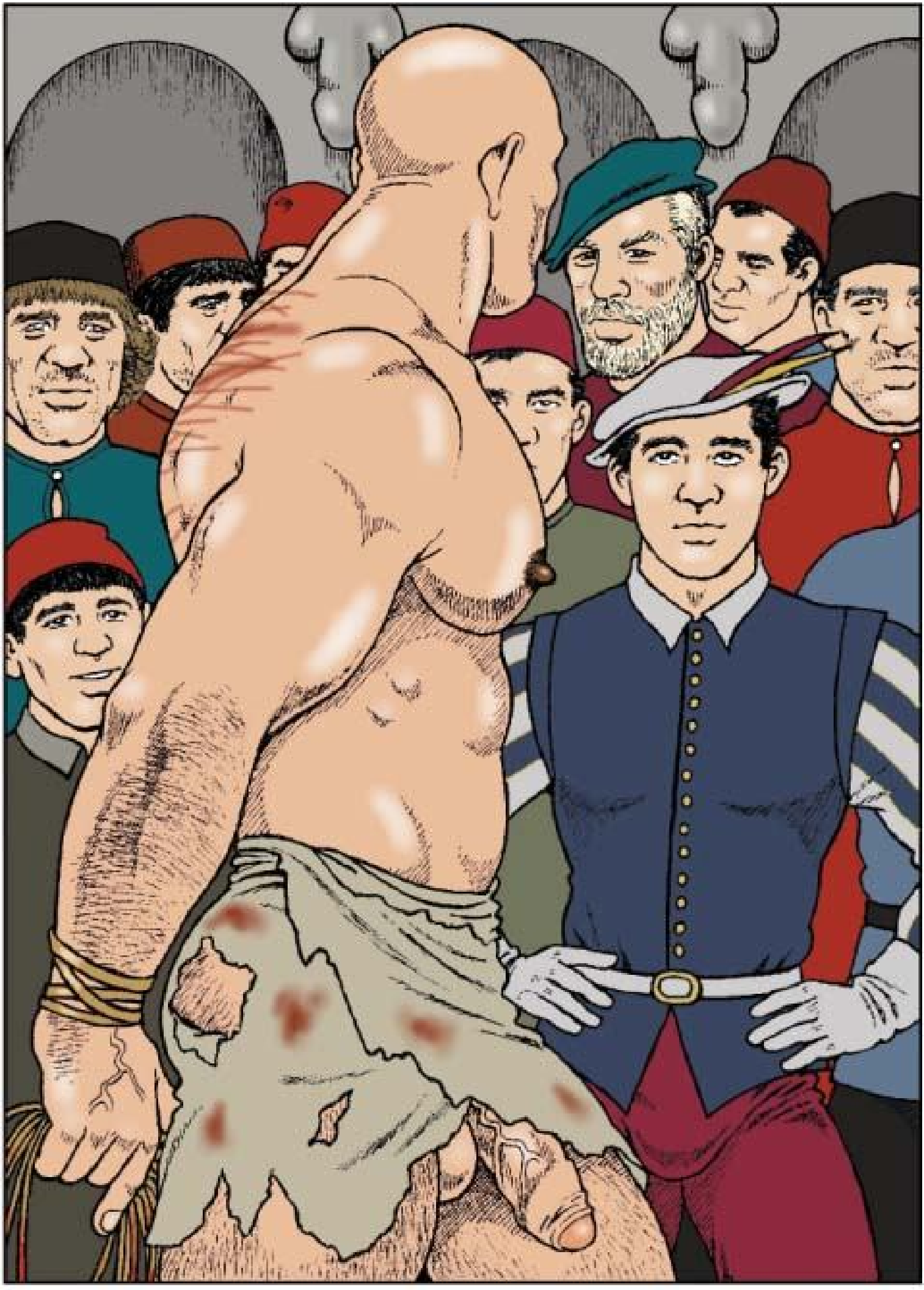
To be continued...

Early in the morning Filippo woke up with Ferondo sucking his cock. The boy was a lusty little devil who enjoyed eating Filippo´s big beefy cock just as much as he enjoyed getting it deep inside his smooth butt. A few years earlier Ruggiero had sent Ferondo to escort his master on the estate, and the horny boy seduced Filippo in the vineyard. Ever since, when Filippo visited his estate Ferondo shared his bed, and the boy sure knew what his master liked. This night was no exception. After a brief struggle Filippo had to give in and let his thick cream flow into Ferondo´s avid mouth.

Meticulously he cleaned Filippo´s twitching cock with his wet tongue, and was rewarded with Filippo´s revived erection and a vigorous fucking.
They all joined for breakfast and it was easy to see that they had enjoyed their first night in Fiesole tremendously. Filippo gave orders for the meals, and the chores were shared among them. After lunch everybody retired for an afternoon nap and gathered later on the terrace to refresh themselves with fruit and wine while listening to Filippo´s story.

"My friends. We all know the weaknesses of the monks, how inclined they are to the pleasures of the flesh and how eagerly they use their shepherd´s staff for most lecherous activities. This story is about Matteo Ranieri, a kind and innocent boy who on one Good Friday saw a procession of flagellants on their way to Santa Maria Novella. Among them Matteo noticed a big brawny man who attracted him in an unusual way. Despite the cold weather, he was dressed in a coarse loin cloth only. It was ragged and stained with blood, revealing more than it was hiding. Through the holes Matteo could occasionally catch a glimpse of the man´s big cock and his hairy buttocks. The sight excited Matteo so much that he had to follow the procession. As they proceeded through the crowded streets, Matteo never let the man out of his sight. He was not exactly a beautiful man, but he had broad shoulders and almost handsomely built body. Matteo found it hard to explain why this man excited him so. He was stained with blood and Matteo could see the crimson streaks across his muscular back which a severe whipping had caused. Suddenly he was sure that the man had suffered for his, Matteo´s, sins. On a small piazza in front of the church, the processsion came to a halt and the flagellants kneeled on the wet cobblestones to receive the Cardinal´s blessing. Through the tightly packed crowd Matteo slowly but surely approached the big man, and when the ceremony was over, Matteo stood right next to him and helped him up again.

"Thank you, son and God bless you," the stranger said with a low resonant voice. "What is your name, Father," Matteo asked shyly. "I am brother Alberto," he said and turned to go, but changed his mind and turned back to Matteo. "I am not familiar with Florence. Do you happen to know any place where I can get a cheap accommodation for tonight?" he asked. "You can stay with us, brother Alberto," Matteo said and guided him to a narrow lane leading to his house. It had started to rain again when Matteo brought brother Alberto into his house, and Matteo´s mother had no heart to refuse him.



Matteo´s father had died several years ago and so brother Alberto was accommodated in his room. In the kitchen there was a large bathtub filled with hot water for him, and as brother Alberto took off his loin cloth, Matteo saw his big fat cock. It had a funny effect on him and Matteo didn´t know what was happening. With gentle hands he washed brother Alberto´s back and then went to get some medicine for his wounds from his mother. She gave Matteo some ointment and said that dinner would be served later, after she and the servant girl, Fiona, had returned from mass.

Brother Alberto lay on his belly on the bed while Matteo carefully rubbed the ointment on his wounds. He couldn´t get his eyes off brother Alberto´s beautifully curved hairy buttocks until he suddenly turned around. His big fat cock had turned into some kind of monster, and instinctively Matteo took a step back. "What´s that?" he asked with eyes widened in disbelief. "That is the Devil," brother Alberto answered. Out of the shiny black pubic bush arose a big monster with bloated purple head and a horrid grin on its split face. Its thick body was decorated with bulging veins and it seemed to flap its blind eye while it swayed and twitched impatiently. "Take off your clothes quickly, son. The Devil makes men do crazy things. I have to chase it back to Hell as soon as possible and you must help me," brother Alberto said. Dumbfounded, Matteo did what brother Alberto had asked and climbed into the bed. Brother Alberto turned him on his belly and shoved his rigid finger deep into Matteo´s butt hole. "This here is Hell," he said, rotating his finger in Matteo´s tight cavity and then added another finger. "You will soon feel how burning is the fire in Hell," brother Alberto said, and sure enough, Matteo could feel that his cavity was on fire.

Unnoticeably brother Alberto had dipped his fingers in the ointment which caused the burning sensation when he grazed Matteo´s chute with his fingers. "Oooh! My butt is in flames. What shall we do?" Matteo asked in agony. "Just spread your legs, boy, and I´ll force the Devil in," brother Alberto answered. Matteo then felt brother Alberto pushing the Devil against his butt hole, and the terrible pain as the Devil refused to go in. Heaving heavily, brother Alberto gave some fast orders to Matteo and then suddenly the Devil was pushed deeper and deeper into the scorching Hell.

The battle was not over yet, though. Time and time again the Devil rushed out, but brother Alberto managed to force it back again. "Take this and this, you bloody Devil," brother Alberto growled as he hit the Devil. The fight was fierce, and Matteo did his best to help brother Alberto. He had never been so excited in his life, and every movement of the powerful Devil made him more and more frantic until something unreal exploded inside him. He was sure he was going to die, but then an immense feeling of well-being filled his whole body. With a final tremendous effort brother Alberto forced the Devil to the remotest corner, and Matteo could feel how it melted down in the flames.

"Did we win?" Matteo asked drowsily. "Yes, we did," answered brother Alberto and wrapped his strong arms around the delirous boy. But it proved to be a short breathing spell only. Very shortly the Devil lifted its bald head again and was ready to fight, looking bigger and bolder than ever. Luckily Matteo already knew what was expected of him, and although the second battle was fiercer and much longer, he helped brother Alberto all he could. The struggle ended in another glorious victory, and the feeling of satisfaction was so intense that Matteo felt as if he had walked on the clouds with his new friend.

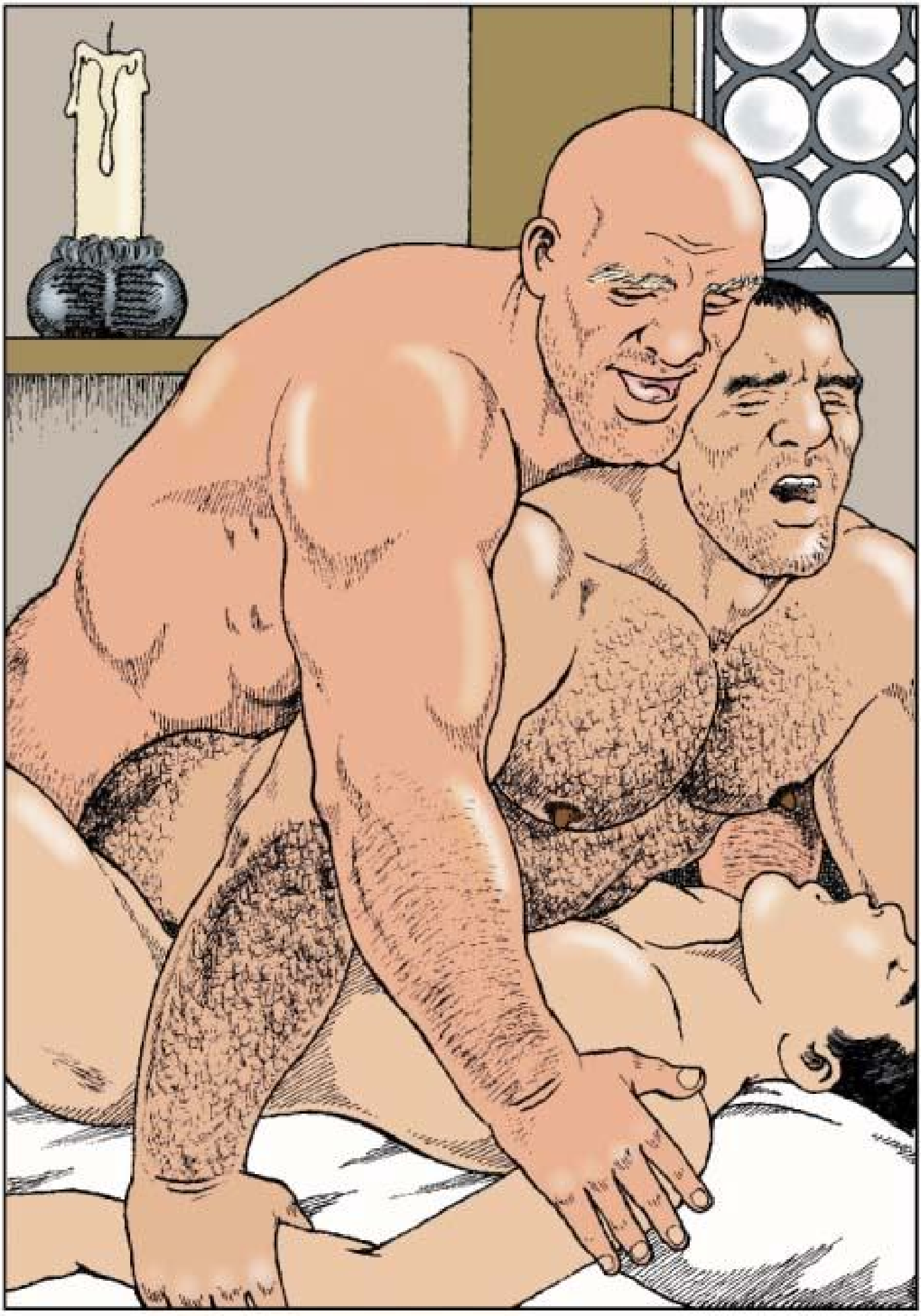
When they dressed for dinner, brother Alberto gave Matteo a brotherly kiss and asked him not to mention the Devil to his mother. "Getting rid of the Devil is man´s work. Women tend to become hysterical at the sight of it." Matteo knew that brother Alberto was right because he had seen the horror which only the name of the Devil had caused in his pious mother. Since it was still Lent, dinner was very light and soon afterwards everybody went to the bed, but Matteo couldn´t sleep. Chasing the Devil back where it belonged had been so exciting that he couldn´t get it out of his mind. Each detail he remembered stimulated Matteo further until his own Devil lifted its turgid head and refused to be ignored. In his horror, Matteo realized that brother Alberto was the only person who could help him. Cautiously, Matteo got out of bed and sneaked into the hall. On tiptoe he crossed the dark hall and opened brother Alberto´s door. To his amazement Matteo saw that the Devil had attacked brother Alberto too. Buck naked, brother Alberto was stretched out on top of his bed and held a most fierce-looking Devil in his tight fist. "You came just in time," brother Alberto whispered as Matteo climbed beside him, ready to help. Brother Alberto opened Matteo´s legs wide apart and thrust the ferocious Devil inside him. To get the monster fully in, brother Alberto had to use force and the Devil faught back fiercely, causing a lot of pain to Matteo. Sweat drops glittered on his forehead and he moaned in agony while the big monster raged inside him, but brother Alberto was stronger, and soon the Devil was locked deep inside Matteo and they could rest a little and catch their breath. When the Devil then started its usual fight for freedom, brother Alberto defeated it easily. With long gliding strokes and short but vigorous thrusts he kept the Devil under control until it was time to give a merciful blow. Straining his every nerve and muscle, brother Alberto attacked the Devil and smashed it deep inside the trembling Matteo.

During that night brother Alberto taught Matteo how he could lure the Devil out using only his hands or his mouth, and then brother Alberto took care of the rest. Together they defeated many Devils that night, and although Matteo was kind of fascinated by those beasts, he knew that he wanted to go on fighting them with brother Alberto. When morning came, brother Alberto had to return to his monastery, and from that moment Matteo started to pester his mother with his petitions. Brother Alberto was an eremite monk whose monastery was near Cantagallo. Matteo explained that he wanted to become a monk too, but his mother was a widow and didn´t want to even hear about such nonsense. Matteo then changed his strategy and asked for a permit to make a pilgrimage to Cantagello. Matteo´s pious mother couldn´t refuse that, and after a few long weeks, Matteo was on his way to meet brother Alberto.

Their reunion was passionate to say the least. They spent days in brother Alberto´s monk cell chasing the Devil, but for each defeated one here was an endless supply of new, even fiercer ones, to take care of. Their hectic moaning and groaning aroused the suspicions of the other eremite brothers, and they went to see their Abbot, telling him about brother Alberto´s constant nightmares that made him howl like a wolf all night through. The Abbot was a husky man in his prime and he knew his flock. Brother Alberto and the nightmares didn´t quite fit together, and he decided to find out personally what was going on in brother Alberto´s eremit cell.

Brother Alberto and Matteo had been unusually busy chasing the Devil that night. As brother Alberto went out early in the morning to empty his bladder, he noticed the Abbot hastily climbing up the path which led to brother Alberto´s cell. He understood instantly the reason for the Abbot´s unexpected visit. Quickly he put on his monk´s robe, locked his cell, and hurried to meet the Abbot. "Good morning, brother Alberto. Where are you going this early in the morning?" the Abbot asked. "Good morning, Father. I was cutting wood yesterday, but I had no time to bring them up here before the Angelus bells. I decided to do that early in the morning before the weather turns too hot," brother Alberto answered. "I was actually coming to see you, brother Alberto, but I guess I´ll have to do that some other time," the Abbot said. "You must be exhausted by the long climb, Father. Here is the key to my cell. Why don´t you go up and refresh yourself? I´ll be back in an hour and we can then have breakfast together," brother Alberto said and gave the key to the Abbot. The Abbot hurried to Alberto´s cell, and when he opened the door he saw a nude boy fast asleep in brother Alberto´s narrow bed.

As I mentioned before, the Abbot was a husky man in his prime and Matteo´s bare smooth butt aroused him accordingly. It was easy to see what had happened, but the Abbot woke up Matteo and asked what he was doing in brother Alberto´s bed. "Oh, we have been chasing the Devil back into Hell all night and I´m very tired," Matteo murmured still half asleep. "Where is that Devil now?" the Abbot asked. "Right here," Matteo said opening his crack and pointing drowsily to his pink pucker. The Abbot saw a silver streak of fresh cum running between the boy´s smooth buns. Suddenly his cock turned rock hard and his heart pounded madly. Brother Alberto was going to stay away for an hour at least, ample time for him to fuck the nude Cupido. If he fucked the boy, who would know? It would be stupid not to use an opportunity like this. He could enjoy the pleasures of the flesh with this beautiful boy, and still moralize at brother Alberto for his shameful conduct. Nobody would ever know that he was guilty of the same sin if he sent the boy away as soon as he had satisfied his lust. For a moment the Abbot fought against his instincts, but then he quickly took off his robe. As he saw the Abbot´s huge monster, Matteo woke up fully and said, "Oh, God. That is the most vicious-looking Devil, but don´t worry. Brother Alberto´s Devil is as big and yours and I have learned to handle it. Bring that ugly monster here," Matteo said and opened his legs wide. The lusty Abbot climbed into the bed and shoved his big inflamed cock inside the excited boy. Matteo clutched the Abbot´s hairy buttocks in his hands and with a few strong thrusts the Abbot buried his red-hot Devil into Matteo´s cum-filled hole. To Matteo´s great delight, the Abbot also knew exactly what to do with his Devil, and they were both very excited by the frantic chase.



Brother Alberto had followed the Abbot back to his cell and listened through the door what was happening inside. The sounds of fierce fucking and Matteo´s intense moaning turned brother Alberto´s cock rock hard. He took off his robe and sneaked in buck naked. In his heat the Abbot didn´t notice anything and his fast working hairy ass was fully exposed to brother Alberto´s lusty eyes. Brother Alberto climbed behind him and thrust his throbbing cock inside the Abbot. The surprised Abbot tried to get up, but brother Alberto held him back with his weight. "Don´t let that Devil escape, Father," he said, and with a few vigorous thrusts he forced his big fat cock fully in. The shocked Abbot was taken by surprise and being very close to a climax, there was no way he could have stopped anymore. After a brief moment of confusion he started to fuck Matteo again, and to his surprise he realized that brother Alberto´s hefty cock inside his rectum merely added to his pleasure. As the horny Abbot vigorously moved his solid cock back and forth in Matteo´s tight chute, he simultaneously milked brother Alberto´s sturdy cock with his strong spinchter. The delicious squeeze soon made brother Alberto explode and his scalding cum filled the heavily gasping and heaving Abbot, who in return lost control, and shot his load inside moaning and groaning Matteo. When both men collapsed on top of him, Matteo gave a loud shriek and got a shattering orgasm.

It was a stunning experience for the Abbot, and by his request it was repeated several times before he returned to the monastery in an euphoric mood. Together with brother Alberto he later wrote a letter to the Bishop, asking his assistance in the persuasion of Matteo´s mother. They claimed that Matteo was unusually gifted in exorcism and during his recent visit to the monastery, the boy had helped them to get rid of the evil spirits that had disturbed them, and indeed the whole monastery. It was therefore vitally important that Matteo should be allowed to return to the monastery permanently.

When Matteo returned home, he showed the letter to his mother. She was amazed because she had never seen the slightest indication that her son possessed supernatural gifts. Therefore she wanted to hear more of the happenings in the monastery, and innocently, Matteo told her everything. Matteo´s mother was a wise woman who didn´t want to lose her son, and after he had finished his story, she knew exactly what to do. "Dear son. I know now that you are exceptionally talented in chasing the Devil, but a monastery is not the only place where your help is needed. My own brother, your uncle Alesso, has been tormented by an unusually persistant Devil for a long time. I would be grateful if you helped him like you helped those monks," she said.

Matteo´s uncle, Alesso, was a big brawny man in his forties. Matteo had always liked him more than he liked his other relatives, and he was therefore eager to help him. Matteo´s mother had a long conversation with Alesso before she brought her son into his house later that night. Alesso was in bed already and asked Matteo to join him because the Devil usually tormented him at night. Matteo stripped off his clothes and climbed into the bed. No sooner was he beside his uncle than Alesso´s Devil stirred and started to grow. In front of Matteo´s eyes it grew bigger and bigger and then lifted its head and bounced up.

It stood firmly and the shiny-skinned head turned dark purple. It was easily the biggest Devil Matteo had seen so far and it looked arrogant and extremely dangerous. To show that he was not afraid of it, Matteo took it in his hand and gave it a strong squeeze. Although his fingers hardly reached around the solid shaft, to his delight Matteo saw a tear appear in the monster´s blind eye. Pitying the poor Devil, Matteo licked its hot bloated head. By now Alesso was so eager to get rid of his Devil that he stretched the boy out on his bed and lifting his smooth butt lightly, Alesso thrust his Devil inside his twitching nephew. The Devil put up a fierce fight, but gasping and heaving Alesso finally managed to get it fully in. Matteo knew that this was just the beginning, but he was not prepared for the ferocity of Alesso´s Devil. It tore his innards like no other Devil and forced the agonized boy to turn his head from side to side while Alesso gave the monster a good beating. When the Devil was forced into the remotest corner, Alesso teased it for a while, and then gave it the fatal blow. As its hot juices burst out, Matteo got a stunning orgasm, and grasping hold of his stalwart uncle, he shot his load on Alesso´s furry belly. Grateful Alesso hugged and kissed ecstatic Matteo for a long time, and the proud boy was happy to help his uncle several times that night with his persistant and vicious Devil.

Matteo stayed with Alesso and pretty soon he understood that the Devils were rampant all over the city, and his help was needed more here than in the monastery. He couldn´t possibly help all the troubled souls, though, and therefore he decided to save his husky uncle, Alesso. With Matteo´s permission his mother destroyed the letter and the lecherous monks lost their prey."

Filippo´s story amused his audience and there were erect cocks of all shapes and sizes in evidence of that fact. It was already dusk when they gathered around the table to enjoy the food Filippo had had ordered for them. In the general merriment Marino was elected as the next king and the party went on till late at night.

Early next morning Marino woke up as the horny Paolo fondled his cock with his agile tongue. They had fucked several times during the night, but to Marino´s surprise his cock reacted to Paolo´s kisses swiftly and stood firmly at full alert. Paolo squatted over it and guided Marino´s big throbbing cock into his open furrow. With a deep-chested sigh he let it glide inside him and started to fuck himself on his Daddy´s massive member. With rippling buttocks he squeezed Marino´s rock hard cock and massaged the veiny shaft with his strong sphincter. In ecstasy he soon bucked like a young colt and eagerly milked his Daddy´s big beefy cock, forcing Marino to moan out of sheer enjoyment. Marino arched his back and jabbed his lusty cock deeper in Paolo´s hot cavity. With firm hands he squeezed Paolo´s yielding ass-flesh and with powerful thrusts of his strong hips he buried his cock fully inside his gasping son.

Every fierce thrust hit home like clockwork and Paolo howled in a frantic frenzy as Marino pounded his butt with great energy. When Marino finally pulled the trigger, Paolo collapsed on top of him like an empty balloon while Marino's thick creamy cum gushed inside him.

To Be Continued...

Chapter Four

In the afternoon they gathered again on the terrace and Marino started his story. "Dear friends. Filippo told us about dissolute monks and that brought to my mind what happened in Carrara a few years ago. They had a licentious priest there with an immense appetite for beautiful boys. Ermino Lamporecchio was a rich merchant and a very pious man in Carrara whose beautiful son, Adriano, was the very apple of his eye. The lusty priest, Frederico Argenti, had leched after that boy for a long time, but couldn't find a way to get near him. One day Adriano's regular father confessor was ill and Frederico sat in the confessional when Adriano came in after mass. "I have a confession to make, Father," Adriano said. "Last night I was sleeping in my bed when suddenly my window was opened and strange light filled my room. "Who´s there?" I asked and a man´s voice said that he was the archangel Gabriel and he had come to make love to me. Then the bed curtain was opened and a naked man crept beside me. He took me in his arms and fondled my bare body. It felt so good that I let him kiss and fondle me until I suddenly woke up and realized that I had soiled myself. Then I understood that it wasn't the archangel Gabriel, but Satan himself who had tried to seduce me. I deeply regret my sinful conduct when I let him touch me, and I would do anything for expiation, Father," Adriano whispered.

"My son." Frederico said. "It is not unheard of that archangels could fall in love with mortals. After all, they are men and succeptible to the pleasures of the flesh like all of God's creatures. I consider it an honor that archangel Gabriel has approached you since I have no doubt in my mind that he has done so in order to give you some idea of the divine pleasures waiting for us in Paradise. Therefore I advise you to leave your window open tonight in case he might come back. The problem is that angels are ethereal astral spirits who need a human shape to deal with us mortals. To ease your affairs I will gladly lend my physical body to archangel Gabriel tonight. When he takes my shape, nobody´s going to wonder what is going on in your house. The time he spends with you delivering his divine message, I shall spend in heavenly delight," the sly priest said and gave his blessing to Adriano.

As soon as Adriano had left, Frederico gave his orders to the verger and hurried to see Adriano´s father. Ermino was in his shop when the priest rushed in and claimed that Ermino´s business was in jeopardy. Frederico had seen some horrible visions and to avoid the catastrophe Ermino must pray with him and take the Eucharist as soon as possible. Credulous Ermino closed his shop and followed the sly priest into the church. There they kneeled side by side and prayed for divine protection for Ermino´s businesses. Afterwards Ermino took the Eucharist, but as he turned to go, he lost consciousness and collapsed to the floor. The verger, who was hiding behind the columns, lifted Ermino upon his shoulders and quickly carried him downstairs into the crypt. Following Frederico´s orders, the verger had brought a coffin into the dark underground cell and he put Ermino in it. He then stripped off all Ermino´s clothes and left him in the darkness, locking the door behind him.

The reason for Ermino´s unconsciousness was some strong medicine which the lusty priest had mixed into his wine. When the verger returned, Frederico gave him meticulous orders how to handle their prisoner and then left to groom himself for that night. Later that same day Adriano received a message from his father saying that Ermino had to leave town on urgent business, but that Adriano shouldn't worry because he would be returning in a week. This was not unusual and therefore Adriano didn't worry about his Daddy, and went to bed as usual leaving his window open as the lecherous priest had suggested. In excitement he awaited the archangel's appearance, but by midnight he couldn't keep his eyes open anymore and fell fast asleep.

At that time horny Frederico sneaked out of the parsonage and headed for Ermino´s house in the deep shadows. To his delight the lusty priest saw that Adriano´s window was open and cautiously climbed up to a small balcony. Like a shadow he slid into Adriano´s bedroom and quickly locked the door. He then stripped off all his clothes and crawled into Adriano´s bed. When his bare skin, cooled by the night air, touched Adriano´s warm body, Frederico´s big inflamed cock turned rock hard instantly. When he wrapped his hairy arms around the sleeping boy, Adriano slightly opened his eyes. "Oh, it's you," he said and trustingly pressed his smooth nude body against Frederico´s muscular body. The lustful priest climbed on top of him and with shivering lips he kissed Adriano´s shoulders and neck while his strong hands fondled his smooth butt.

He then licked Adriano´s protruding nipples, and the boy turned restless as he gently pulled them with his clenched teeth. Suddenly Adriano felt Frederico´s stubbly chin between his legs and his dick turned rock hard instantly. When Frederico bolted Adriano´s throbbing cock into his hot mouth, the boy began to tremble and his breathing turned uneven. Frederico sucked Adriano´s erect cock with gusto and the innocent boy threw his head from side to side moaning in ecstasy. Frederico then devoured Adriano´s ballsack too and with his powerful suction forced the helpless boy to toss and twitch uncontrollably. Adriano was a bundle of nerves now and every lap of Frederico´s wet tongue made him sigh and shiver feverishly. Suddenly he was on the edge of cumming and he tried to pull his cock out.

He didn´t want to shoot his load into the mouth of an archangel, but Gabriel held him in a tight grip and forced Adriano to explode into his mouth. With an intense howl Adriano spurted his hot cum, and the lusty archangel swallowed it all.

Coming back to his senses, delirious Adriano noticed that Gabriel had opened his legs wide and buried his stubbly face into Adriano´s smooth furrow. He licked the boy´s pink pucker and stretched his tight sphincter with his thick wet tongue. He then straightened up and for the first time Adriano saw Gabriel´s cock. His mouth opened in awe because he had no idea that a cock could be that big.

With wide eyes he gazed at the fierce weapon of God´s messenger. Gabriel then spat in his hands and meticulously rubbed his glistening cock with his spit. He then opened Adriano´s legs wide and lifted his butt. Vigorously, he pounded the boy´s pink pucker over and over again with his massive cock. The pressure became enormous, and gradually Adriano´s strong sphincter gave in. With fierce thrusts Gabriel rammed a cleft into the gap and inch by inch his huge cock sank deeper inside Adriano´s rippling ass.

In desperation the agonizing boy prayed him to stop, but frantic Gabriel wouldn't listen. With stubbom determination he forced his frightening weapon all the way inside the moaning boy. Adriano buried his nails in Gabriel´s muscular back, but when the immense cock was fully inside him, Adriano soon got used to his new ruler and relaxed a little. But when Gabriel started to move his miracle meat back and forth in Adriano´s tight chute, the old agony was back.

With both hands and all his might Adriano clutched hold of his divine lover. His every nerve was strained and he couldn´t even breathe properly while the massive cock pounded his tight ass with fierce energy, but after a while he didn't want Gabriel to stop anymore. Vehemently the blunt object grazed his inflamed prostate, and Adriano´s excitement turned more and more unbearable each moment. Then a shattering orgasm hit him and Adriano was sure he was going to die.

Howling like a wounded animal the ecstatic boy tossed and turned in the arms of his virile guardian angel, and to his immense joy he realized that Gabriel had taken him into Paradise. Purring gruffly, Gabriel then arched his back and shot his load of hot cum inside the delirious boy.

While his son wriggled in Frederico´s amorous embrace, Ermino woke up in the dark crypt and realized that he was in a coffin. "What is this place? Where am I?" he asked himself in the pitch darkness. "You are in purgatory," came an answer out of the darkness. "Who are you?" Ermino asked. "It doesn't matter. My duty is to make you suffer for the sins you committed and that´s why I'm here," the voice said. "But what have I done? I am a good Christian who has never broken the law, neither celestial nor mundane. I have paid my tithes punctually and been generous with the poor. What have I done to deserve all this?" Ermino asked. "That may be so, but it says here that you have broken the laws of Nature," answered the voice out of darkness. "Our Lord gave man sexuality not only as a means of procreation, but also to make his life more bearable in this vale of tears, and to bring love and joy for the others as well. According to my information not only have you abstained from the pleasures of the flesh yourself, but you have denied them to others as well. You have rigidly guarded everybody in your household, including your son, and denied all pleasures of the flesh to them. Your conduct has caused a lot of unnecessary grievance, and that is why you are here. However, for some reason God is willing to let you return among the living if I can guarantee that you will never break the laws of Nature again. Therefore, I must take care that you learn to enjoy your sexuality, not to despise it," the voice said, and suddenly Ermino felt big strong hands around him. He was helped out of the coffin and pushed against a cold stone wall. Before he had time to do or say anything, Ermino heard the rattling of a heavy chain and realized that he was chained to the wall. As he protested a rag was stuffed into his mouth and secured tightly with another. Even though he couldn´t see anything in the pitch darkness, his eyes were covered before the chains were tightened. Horrified, Ermino tried to free himself but all his efforts were in vain. "You have caused a lot of pain to others, and we shall start with that, the pain. You must learn to respect suffering and pain," the voice said and took Ermino´s protruding nipples between his strong fingers. He crushed them with a fierce squeeze, and excruciating pain tore through Ermino´s trembling body.

Despite his muffled moans this was mercilessly repeated time and time again until Ermino´s nipples reacted painfully to the slightest touch. That was when his tormentor started to suck and kiss them passionately and his hot breathing made them ache even worse. Ermino tried to turn his body, but his torturer held him in a tight hug and pulled his nipples with his teeth. His intense hot breath burned Ermino´s skin like fire. "Your rosy nipples are susceptible now," the voice said. "What a pity you can't see these delicious cherries yet," he said and squeezed them harder than ever before. The pain was not over yet when Ermino´s legs were lifted in the air, and his unprotected ass was hit with the fierce slash of a whip. He convulsed in tremendous pain, but time and time again the whip slashed Ermino´s bare ass, and he could hear the gruff grunts of his torturer. Helpless, Ermino very nearly fainted before the ferocious whipping ceased. Although his mind was in a state of listless stupor, Ermino´s nerves were very much alive, and he could feel how something hot and hard was shoved up into his asshole. When his numb mind finally understood what was going on, it was already too late. A big fat cock was firmly and fully embedded inside him, and its immense girth stretched his sphincter to the limit. His torturer groped Ermino´s buns as he started to fuck his ass, and to his disbelief Ermino realized that his own cock had turned rock hard.

No man had ever fucked Ermino. To his utter shame Ermino had to admit that it felt much better than he could ever have anticipated. Somebody who had absolute power over him was humiliating him by filling Ermino´s ass with his hot sperm and using his private parts to relieve himself. The big robust cock made ferocious attacks inside Ermino while big rough hands shamelessly groped his nude body, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"You like it, don't you?" his tormentor asked gruffly. "I know that inside you there is a hungry pussy longing to be fucked, to be drowned in my thick gooey cum. I can feel it eagerly nibbling and licking my cock already. Open up now and let that hungry pussy get its meal," the voice said and pounded Ermino´s ass with increasing velocity and stamina. Then he suddenly stopped and with a furious roar he shot his load.

Totally drained, Ermino bounced in his strong arms like a rag doll as the man gave him a good shake before pulling his cock out. Ermino had got a stunning orgasm and he was stupefied by the experience. His tormentor removed the rag from his mouth and gave him something to drink. Then he shoved his tongue into Ermino´s mouth and gave him a kiss. After a few minutes he stuffed the rag back in and raped him again.

Frederico had leched after Adriano for such a long time that during that night he fucked the delirious boy over and over again until the exhausted Adriano fell asleep in his embrace. Frederico then sneaked out of bed and quickly dressed. He took a few white chicken feathers out of his pocket and dropped them on the floor before climbing out of the window.

Later that day triumphant Adriano rushed into the church and asked Frederico to come to the confessional. "I'm so happy, Father. It all happened as you said it would. He came to me last night and made love to me. My butt is still a bit sore out of all that fucking, but it was divine. I have never enjoyed anything as much as I enjoyed Gabriel´s massive cock. He took your shape as you said he would, but I know who he really was. Look at these!" triumphant Adriano said holding a few white feathers in his hand. "These are from his wings and I shall keep them as my most valuable treasure forever," Adriano declared.

"I'm extremely happy for you and I hope that you keep seeing him because that kind of miracle will bring a lot of glory to Carrara. While Gabriel took my humble shape, I was sent to heaven itself and I can't even try and describe the immense pleasures I found there. However, we shouldn't talk about this to anybody until your Daddy returns," Frederico said, and Adriano promised to keep his window open every night.

After numerous violent rapes, Ermino collapsed in the arms of his tormentor. When Ermino woke up again he remembered what had happened, and his cock hardened instantly. He tried to touch his aching nipples, but then he realized that he was tied spread-eagled on top of the coffin, and all he could move was his head. Ermino listened intently, but the silence was unbroken. "Is anybody there?" he asked, and to his immense relief he heard the gruff voice of his tormentor. "Yes, I'm here," he said and grabbed Ermino´s erect cock in his rough hand. "It's time for your second lesson. You´ll have to learn how to become humble and enjoy humiliation," the voice said. Suddenly the rank smell of a man´s crotch filled Ermino´s nose, and then the hairy cheeks of his tormentor´s ass hit his face. Slowly he rubbed his furry crack up and down against Ermino´s burning face. "We know now that there is a lusty little whore hidden inside you. I'll bet you want to bury your face between a man´s brawny buttocks and eat his asshole," he said sitting on Ermino´s face. Ermino tried to move his head, but his tormentor´s fleshy ass was glued to his face, as he held Ermino´s throbbing cock in a tight grip. "Eat my ass, you lusty bitch," he said in a stern voice, and Ermino had no choice but to follow his orders.

The rank musky smell of his masculinity strangely attracted Ermino, and soon he sucked and licked his tormentor´s hot furrow with fervent avidity. It was all wet when he lifted it from Ermino´s face, and then he shoved his massive cock into Ermino´s mouth. With a vigorous thrust he forced his rock hard cock deep into Ermino´s throat, making him gag and fight for air in desperation. Totally indifferent to Ermino´s suffering, he then started to fuck his face with fierce energy. Had Ermino not learned to breathe at the pace of his vehement fucking, he would surely have suffocated. After a while the man´s arduous fucking turned into a random and ruthless stabbing as his big fat cock plunged inside his victim with an irresistible force. With a stunning blow he thrust his weapon deep inside Ermino and plugged his throat.

Ermino´s nose was buried in the coarse pubic bush of his tormentor who still held Ermino´s cock in an iron grip when the flood gates were opened and his hot rank-smelling cum cascaded down Ermino´s throat. The moment the man let go of his cock, Ermino exploded in a violent orgasm. He was sobbing and wailing in relief when he felt his tormentor´s hot mouth sucking his juice.
Night after night Ermino was raped ruthlessly, but curiously enough, he fell in love with his tormentor. Yes, he was violent and made Ermino suffer, but when his big fat cock was shoved inside him, Ermino felt excitement like never before.

Impaled by his brawny tormentor, Ermino experienced orgasms so powerful that he couldn´t compare them to anything. The mere thought of his torturer´s muscular body was enough to turn him on and Ermino awaited his visits in heat. He laid in the darkness with all his senses focused, and eagerly waited for his master.

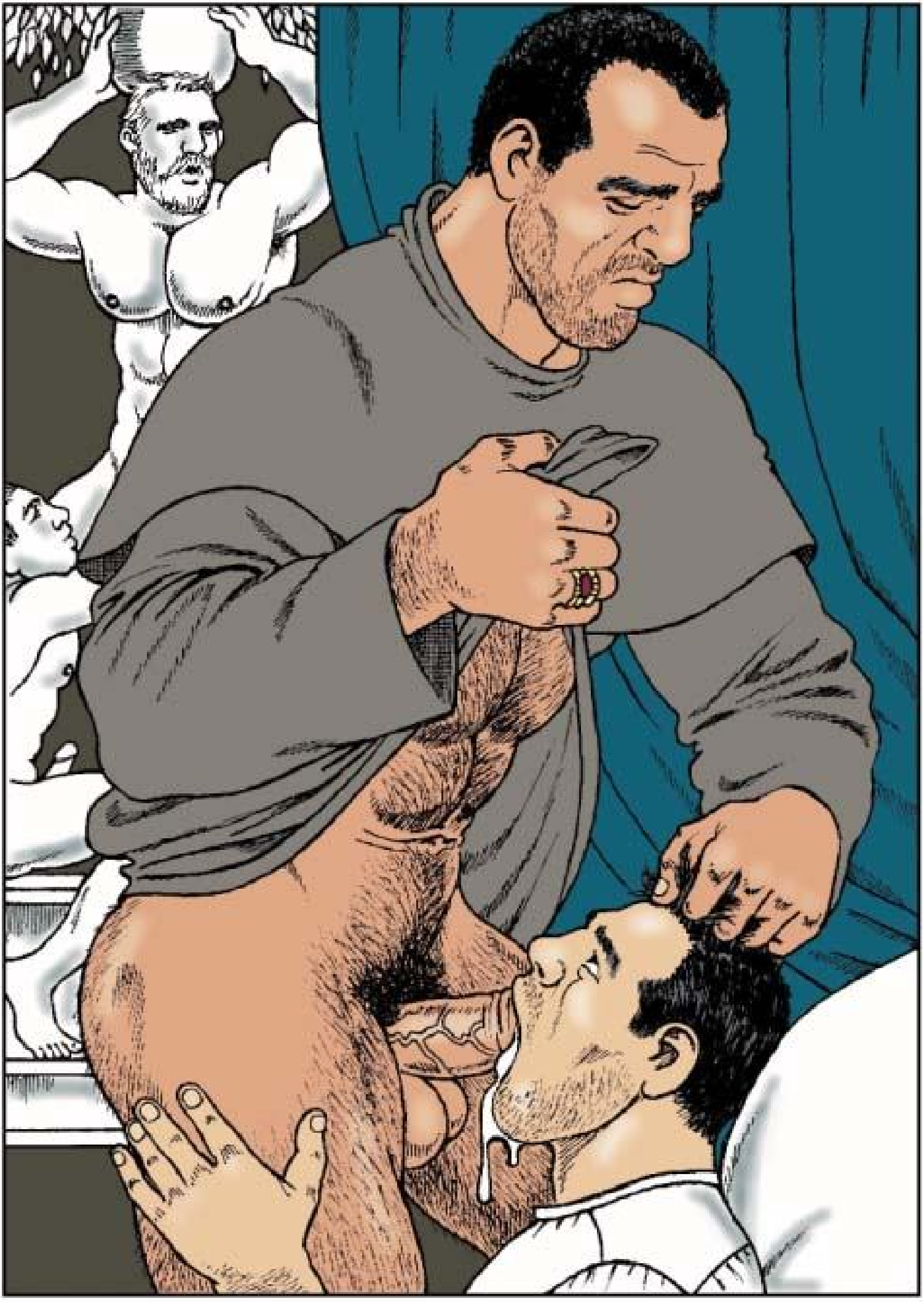
Then one night his tormentor said that he was satisfied with Ermino´s progress and he was going to be returned among the living. "But I can't go back!" Ermino exclaimed. "I'm not ready yet, there is so much I need to learn about the laws of Nature," he said. "Yes, I know," the stranger replied. "Therefore I shall give you another tutor who will take care of you, but keep in mind that you have to obey him blindly if you wish to stay alive." He then took a ring from Ermino´s finger and said that after he was returned among the mortals, Ermino was going to meet a man who wore his ring. "He is your next tutor and he will take care that you enjoy your sexuality fully and without any inhibitions," the stranger said and made Ermino drink some wine.

Frederico had spent all his nights with Adriano and they had enjoyed wild unrestricted sex with immense gusto. As the week was coming to its end, Frederico told Adriano that he was madly in love with him and had decided to stay with him. "Heaven can wait. I shall remain in the shape of that foolish priest forever," he said. "He is enjoying the pleasures of Paradise and doesn't miss Earth. And God has enough angels as it is; He won´t need me. This way we can stay together and enjoy each other whenever we want," Frederico said and kissed his delirious lover.

Early the next morning Ermino woke up in his own bed while the priest and the verger knelt by his bed in prayers. The air was full of incense and candles were burning by his bed. Ermino noticed their confusion as he got up. "What has happened? Why are you here?" he asked. "A miracle has happened," answered the priest and reminded Ermino about the disaster which threatened his businesses. "After the Eucharist you fell on the floor and lost consciousness. We carried you here and have prayed for your soul ever since. We were sure that you would die, but not only did your ships arrive safely in the harbor this morning, but also you yourself have recovered. Praise the Lord! I must go and tell your son about this miracle," Frederico said and left the room.

The verger sat by his bed when Ermino noticed the ring in his finger. "Don't worry, Sir. From now on I will take care of you," he said and stroked Ermino´s burning face. "All you need for a full recovery is a shot of potent cum," he said and rose up. He lifted his robe and revealed his sturdy cock. With wide eyes Ermino gazed at his expanding cock and shivered in anticipation. The verger buried his fingers in Ermino´s hair and pulled his face closer to his crotch. "Open your mouth, bitch, and suck your master´s cock," he said in a gruff voice and ecstatically, Ermino obeyed him. When the sweet smelling cum finally filled his mouth, delirious Ermino knew that his tormentor from Purgatory hadn't left him.

When Frederico rushed into Adriano´s bedroom, the lusty boy ran to kiss him. "Your father has returned from his trip," Frederico said, but Adriano didn't listen to him. He shoved his hot hands under Frederico´s robe and fondled the man´s semi-hard cock instead. "Oh, Papa can wait," he said. "I have been waiting for you all morning and now I can't wait any longer. I want to get this inside me as soon as possible," Adriano moaned squeezing Frederico´s hefty cock. Quickly they stripped off all their clothes, and before Adriano´s back hit the sheets, Frederico´s cock was already inside him. The covetous boy knew that archangel Gabriel had kept his word and left the foolish priest to enjoy the heavenly pleasures forever.



Later Frederico became Adriano´s personal tutor, and he moved into Ermino´s house permanently, as did also the verger, who became Ermino´s right-hand man and live-in lover. Ermino never broke the laws of Nature again, and Adriano never told anybody that archangel Gabriel still fucked him vehemently several times a day. That is the reason why so few in Carrara know about these miracles. Do I need to mention that Frederico and the lusty verger were more than happy with that arrangement?"

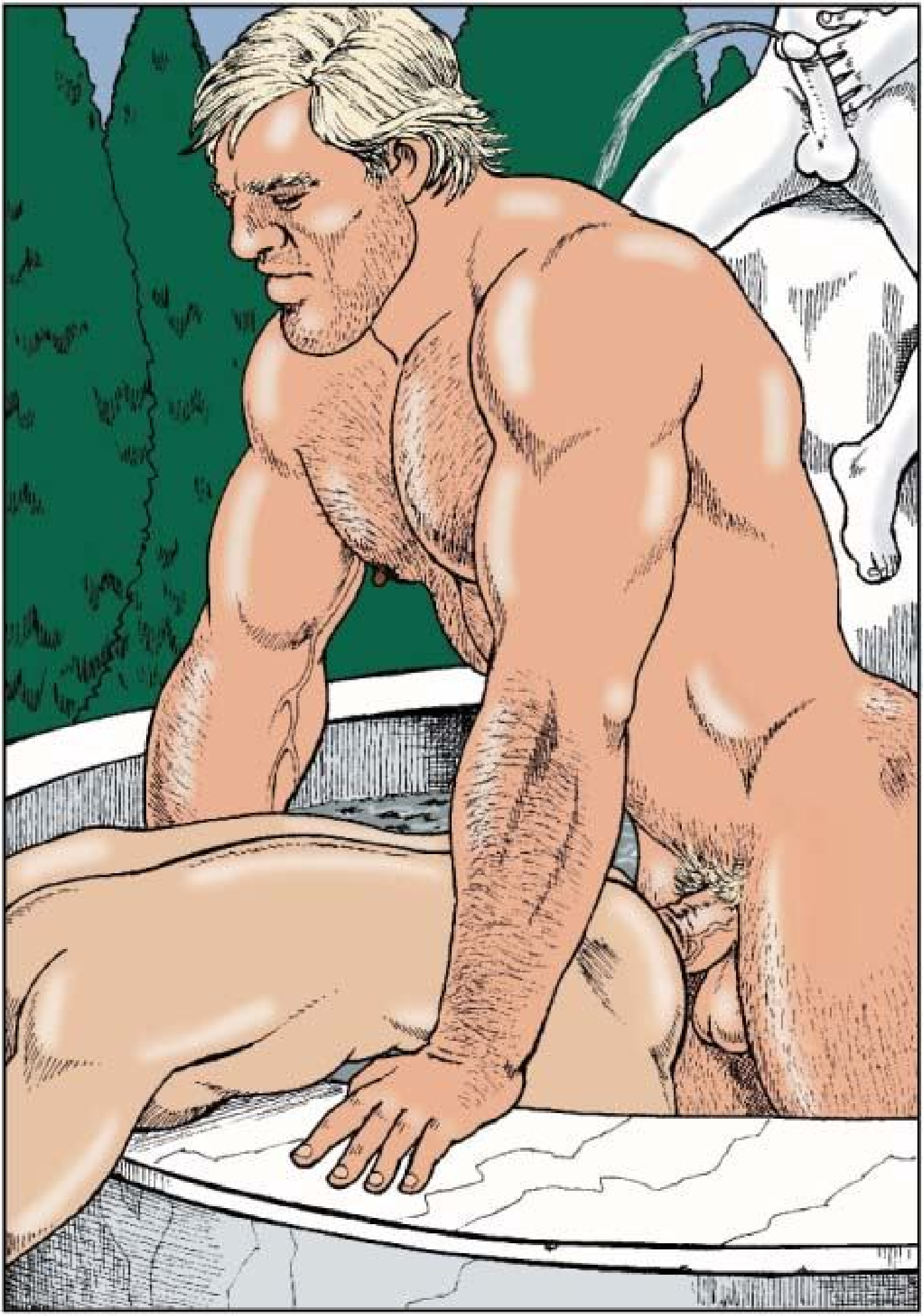
Marino´s story had a strong impact on his audience. Everybody wanted to hear more and a lively discussion on the subject continued throughout the dinner.

Lorenzo d´Oria was then elected as the new king. Lorenzo was a restless adventurer who had served many armies and finally ended up in Florence. He was a handsome man with very masculine features and a rugged muscular body. His appetite for sex was notorious, and Gianotto, his squire, often had to satisfy his master´s soaring lust in the most peculiar places.

Since the first night, Antonio had followed Lorenzo like a puppy dog and eagerly offered his services to the brawny warrior. Antonio´s smooth body aroused Lorenzo immensely, and he couldn´t get his eyes off the boy´s bubble butt. The night was very warm and after dinner Antonio lured Lorenzo for a walk in the garden. Moonlight was glittering on the surface of a small fountain. Boisterously Antonio stripped off all his clothes and plunged into the water. In high spirits he splashed the water all around and tempted Lorenzo to join him.

In the moonlight Antonio´s wet body glistened so arousingly that Lorenzo´s big hefty cock turned rock hard. Without delay he peeled off his clothes and jumped into the fountain. The sight of Lorenzo´s massive cock in full erection had its unavoidable effect on Antionio and soon he leaned against the marble border passionately kissing and hugging his hunky lover. Lorenzo lifted Antonio´s wet ass out of the water and thrust his throbbing cock inside the trembling boy.

The cool marble against Antonio´s back, and Lorenzo´s red-hot cock inside him further incited the lusty boy, and with his strong sphincter Antonio sucked in Lorenzo´s big hefty cock all the way. When the hairy-assed Lorenzo started to fuck Antonio, the water around them soon surged and swelled like in a storm.



Their noisy love-making hovered in the silence of the night all over the vale and turned many cocks hard out of desire. Lorenzo´s sturdy cock pounded Antonio´s smooth butt with vigor and vim and the ecstatic boy wriggled in his embrace until they reached their climax. They exploded in an eruption of scalding cum and it took quite some time before peace and quiet returned again to the garden.

To be continued...

Chapter Five

In the afternoon everybody was on the terrace when Lorenzo started his story.

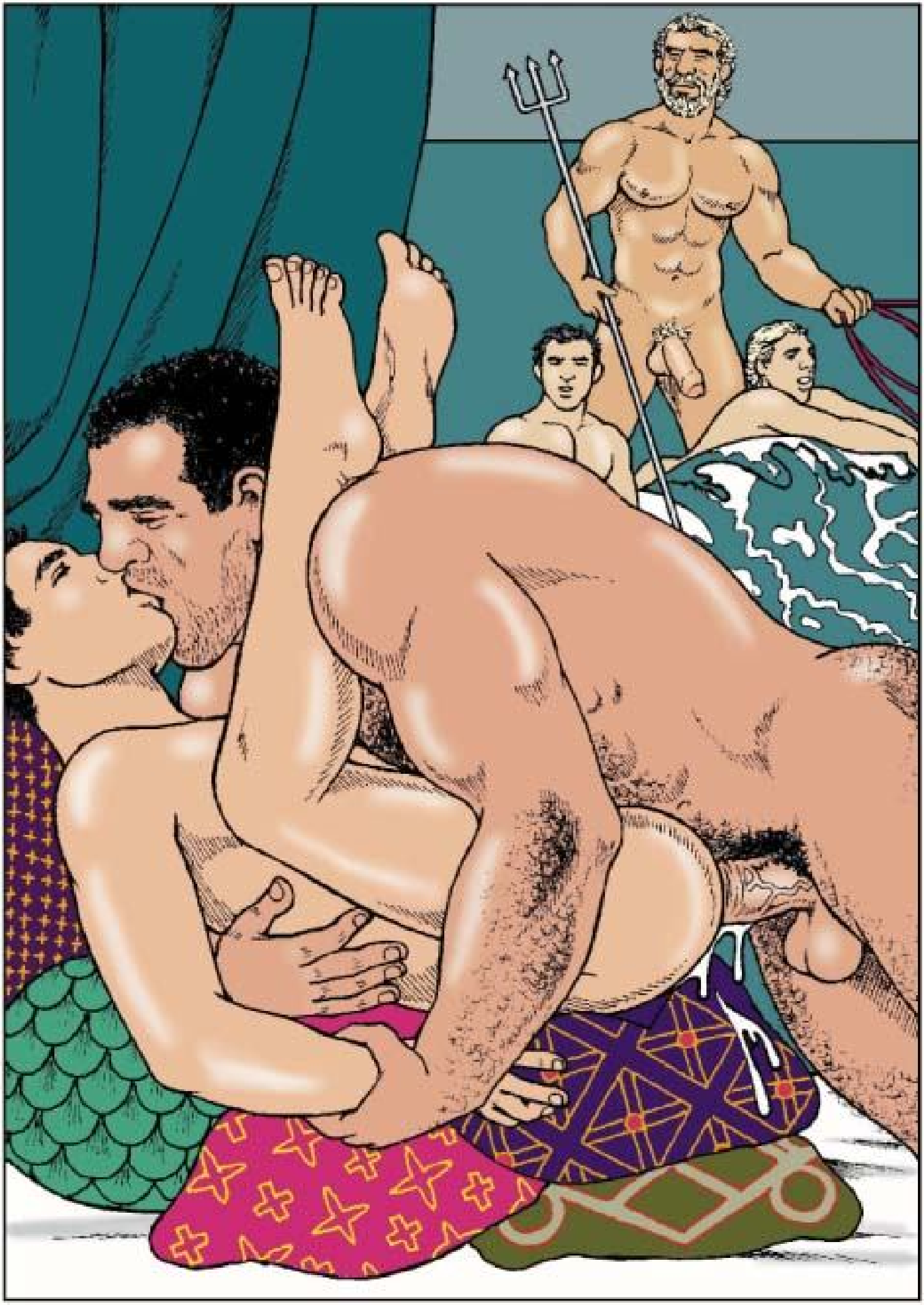
"Dear friends. My friend Marcello lives in Livorno. He is a handsome man in his thirties, strong as a bull and accordingly endowed. He is a skillful fisherman and earns a good living with his boat. Sometimes he needs a small loan to repair his boat or to buy new catching devices, but pays his debts punctually and is therefore in good terms with his banker. This banker has a beautiful son, Niccolo, and Marcello was deeply in love with him. Niccolo was very aware of his beauty and like virgins often are, cold and insensitive to his suitors. Marcello brought him all kinds of gifts, but Niccolo only played with his feelings. Marcello confessed his love to the heartless boy, but with scorn Niccolo said that he hadn´t noticed anything like that. "What must I do to prove that I love you?" Marcello asked in desperation.

"Words are cheap and promises are easily forgotten, but if you give me two hundred florins as a sign of your devotion, I´ll believe that you truly love me and give you what you have been asking for." Marcello promised to do that and left.

In cold fury Marcello paced the streets of Livorno. Niccolo had turned out to be a calculating slut who sold his favors for money. Marcello´s romantic ideas about the boy were crushed, but his lust remained. Niccolo´s beautifully curved butt still aroused him and Marcello decided to get what he wanted and teach the callous boy a lesson he would never forget.

Marcello then went to see Niccolo´s father and said that he needed two hundred florins for a business transaction, and it was given to him without delay. Later that day Marcello, followed by his trusted friend, went to see Niccolo. Saying that he had come to pay his debt, Marcello gave Niccolo two hundred florins and asked him to give them to his father. Niccolo appreciated Marcello´s tactfulness when he called the money "a debt from your father" in the presense of other people and Niccolo promised to deliver them personally. With sparkling eyes he gazed at the glittering gold coins and then pulled Marcello aside. "Dear Marcello, I now believe that you truly love me. After you get rid of your friend, please hurry back and I will be waiting for you impatiently," Niccolo whispered in Marcello´s ear.

When Marcello returned half an hour later, he was led upstairs into Niccolo´s room. The beautiful boy lay there naked on his bed among luxurious silk cushions. The sight of Niccolo´s nude body turned Marcello´s seasoned cock rock hard instantly, and without delay he stripped off all his clothes and climbed into bed. As I said, Marcello is a virile man with a huge appetite for sex and is equipped accordingly. His hefty cock is quite enough to make most boys wince and swallow, and Niccolo was no exception. With wide eyes he gazed at Marcello´s monstrous cock and feared for his life.



Despite his decadent manners, Niccolo was actually still a virgin and had only a faint idea what to expect. Marcello didn´t know that and he brutally raped the boy several times before he considered that he´d gotten his money´s worth and left the house.

Early the next morning Marcello "accidentally on purpose" met Niccolo´s father on the street. Marcello told him that the planned business venture was cancelled and that the day before Marcello had returned the money to his son. Niccolo realized Marcello´s deceit in its full meanness when he had to give away the money he had earned the hard way and he swore that he wasn´t going to rest until he had paid Marcello back for his treachery. This was not difficult for a smart boy like Niccolo. When in heat my friend, Marcello, tends to be guided more by his cock than by his brains, and unfortunately he is in heat most of the time.

A few weeks later Niccolo sent a message to Marcello saying that he couldn´t get him out of his mind and thought about him day and night. Since it was true, although for different reasons than my friend assumed, Niccolo was very convincing. He wrote that Marcello´s awesome cock had opened a whole new world for him and he would give anything to get that mighty beast inside him again. Every man has a very special relationship with his cock and compliments paid to his pet often make the man lay down his arms. Marcello is especially vulnerable because he is very proud of his massive member, and sly Niccolo said exactly what Marcello wanted to hear. It was not hard to seduce my horny friend to visit Niccolo again, especially because money was not even mentioned this time.

Niccolo´s servant who brought the letter said that Niccolo´s father had become suspicious and kept a close eye on his son. It would be impossible for Niccolo to visit Marcello. His father even opened his letters. To fool him they would have to use coded language. When his father was out of town, Niccolo would send Marcello a letter saying when he should come and "take a look at the furniture". Marcello would then send Niccolo a note saying that he was especially interested in the old wardrobe, meaning that he would be coming. Mention of any other furniture would mean that he wasn´t able to come and Niccolo would have to try again. The code was easy to remember because there actually was a big old wardrobe in Niccolo´s room, and there was no way Niccolo´s father could detect what they were planning.

After a few days Marcello received another note from Niccolo and answered it duly. When he arrived at Niccolo´s house, the beautiful boy was waiting for him and hurried Marcello upstairs to his room. Anxiously they stripped off all their clothes and went to bed. In the middle of feverish foreplay they suddenly heard loud noises from the stairs. "It is Papa! What shall we do?" Niccolo said and rushed out of the bed. "If he sees us like this, he will kill you. Quickly, get inside the wardrobe," Niccolo said, and the baffled Marcello, with his massive erection, did what the boy asked him to do. Niccolo then locked the heavy wardrobe.

Although the wardrobe was made of solid oak, Marcello could easily hear what happened in Niccolo´s room. After the door was opened he heard several people come in, and he recognized the voice of Niccolo´s father. "This is my son Niccolo. This here is Signore Sighieri who is interested in buying the big old wardrobe you want to get rid of," he said. To his relief Marcello then heard Niccolo say that it was already sold. "What do you mean?" Niccolo´s father asked.

"Well, Marcello the fisherman has promised four hundred florins for it. Haven´t you Marcello?" Niccolo asked loudly. Four hundred florins for an old wardrobe was sheer robbery, but bare-assed Marcello had no choice but to say yes. "What is he doing in there?" Niccolo´s father asked. "He is taking measurements for the shelves he is going to put in there," Niccolo answered.

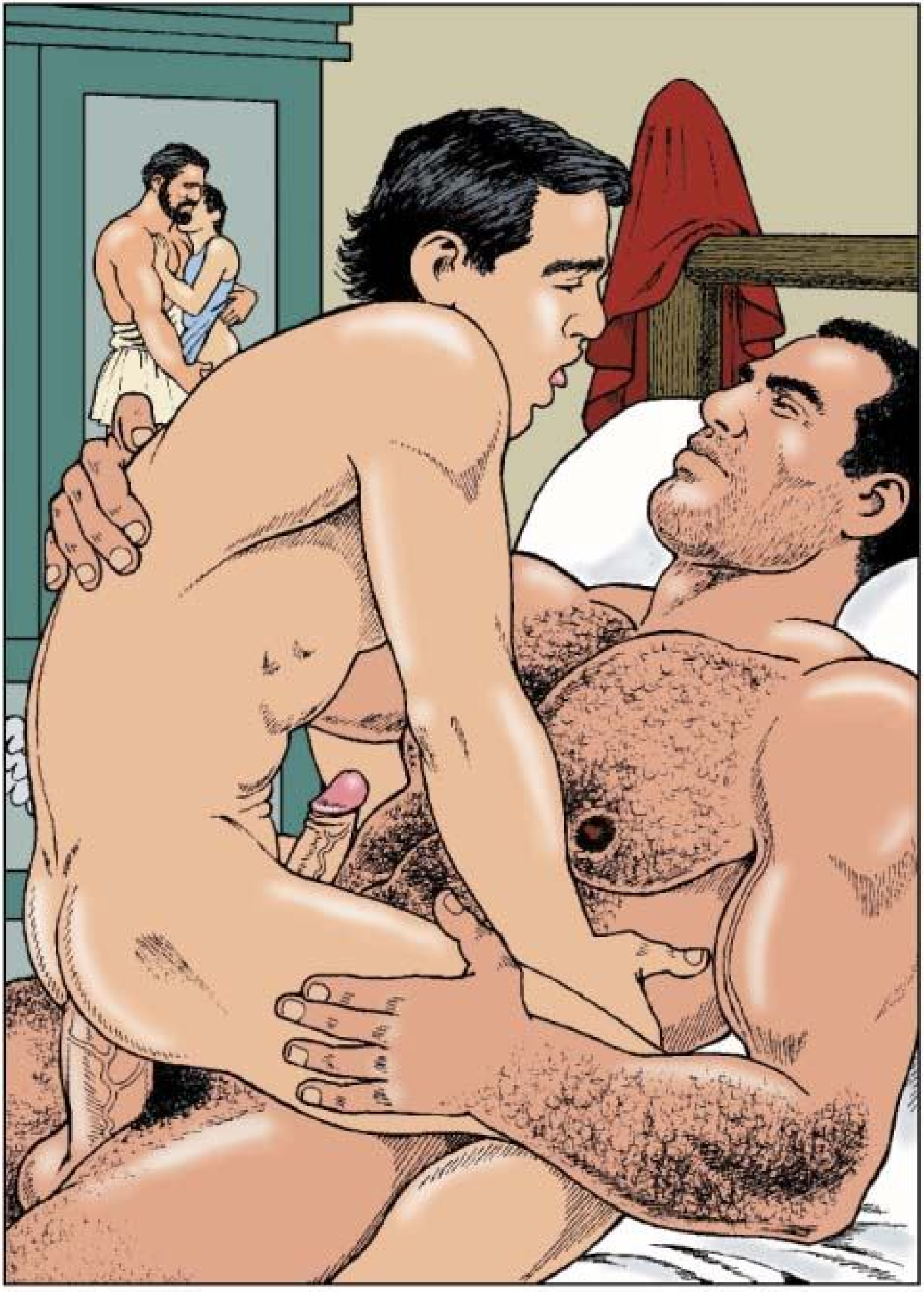
Since the price was far exceeding what Signore Sighieri was willing to pay, Niccolo´s father led his guest downstairs while the furious Marcello dressed in frenzy. "That was a dirty trick," he seethed through his clenched teeth. "Yes, but not any dirtier that the trick you played to me. At least you will get a wardrobe, I didn´t get anything," murmured Niccolo as his father returned.

The very next day Marcello paid the exorbitant price and became the proud owner of the most expensive wardrobe in the city of Livorno. Later that night four husky men carried the heavy piece of furniture to Marcello´s small house near the harbor. In cold fury he at first intended to chop it to pieces, but he later came to his senses and went to bed instead.

Some time during the night he woke up and saw that his room was full of candles and Niccolo lay naked beside him. On a side table there was wine and all kinds of delicacies. In disbelief Marcello rubbed his eyes, but it was real. "How did you get in here?" Marcello asked.

"Inside the wardrobe, silly," Niccolo answere with gay laughter. "Now that the dispute between us is settled, I want you to know that what I wrote to you a few days ago wasn´t altogether false. I have had time to think about what happened between us, and I think that we only have ourselves to blame. For some time now many men have tried to get into my pants, you among them. They have sent me many gifts and offered all kinds of settlements if I´d let them cop my cherry. I chose you not because you offered me the most, but because I liked you best, but you played a dirty trick on me. Even though I admired your cunning shrewdness, I couldn´t let you go unpunished. I´ve had my revenge now and I hope that you learned your lesson, you big furry bear," Niccolo said and buried his face in Marcello´s hairy chest.

"You hurt my pride, but however I suffered in your hands, I still couldn´t get you out of my mind. I´m still in love with you and if you treat me right, I´m ready to give you all my love and devotion," Niccolo added and kissed Marcello´s protruding nipples.



"I guess if I don´t treat you right, you will hit my purse even harder and I can´t afford that, you little rascal," Marcello said and pulled Niccolo into his arms. "All right, let bygones be bygones," Marcello added and gave Niccolo a long kiss.

They made love tirelessly all night and never had Marcello´s humble house witnessed such soaring lust and blissful ecstasy. They fell madly in love with each other and they now live together. When Niccolo told his father that he was going to start a business of his own, he didn´t even try to make his stubborn son to change his mind. With his four hundred florins Niccolo opened a shop and while Marcello did the fishing, Niccolo sold his catch for a good profit. They learned to trust and respect each other, and their love is still flourishing. They have even moved into a bigger house now, but the old wardrobe is still standing beside their bed as a reminder of how it all started."

After Lorenzo had ended his story, it was time to get to the table to taste the delicacies he had ordered for them. Ricciardo was then elected as the next king, and the general merriment went on until late at night.

Since Diego first saw Ricciardo´s sturdy cock under the table, he was totally addicted to it. The mere sight of it in its full glory was enough to turn Diego´s mouth dry and his palms wet. Ricciardo let him play with his favorite tool whenever he wanted and wherever he wanted, a privilege that the hot-blooded Diego ardently exploited.

Diego´s father was a butcher, a powerfully built straight-forward man with strong sexuality. He had a robust ruddy cock with a big bulbous head, while Ricciardo´s cock had white velvety skin and a delicate pink knob. Bruno´s rank smelling cum was slightly salty and copious, while Ricciardo´s creamy cum tasted sweet like honey. Fascinated by the novelty, Diego followed Ricciardo like a shadow and got ample opportunities to satisfy his curiosity. Diego was a nature boy in his natural state and freely followed his powerful instincts.

When he sucked Ricciardo's cock with insatiable gusto, his mature lover lost all his inhibitions, and his lust soared like never before.

Diego was a godsend whom he intended to keep at any cost. Their love-making was an intense explosion of uncontrolable energy that could exhaust them physically, but never satisfy their hunger for each other.

To be continued... ...

Chapter Six

"Dear friends," Ricciardo started his story when they were once again all gathered on the terrace. "A few years ago near Pontedera lived a farmer named Rodolfo Vinciolo. He was a big stalwart man who worked like a Trojan in his fields, but he also wanted to have his fun after finishing his work at the end of the day. Animated by the joy of living, his vital fluids surged vigorously and the potent and virile Rodolfo was in a permanent state of semi-hardness. This caused him a lot of trouble in the narrow-minded small village. Then one day a stranger passed the field where Rodolfo was working and asked for something to drink. The day was hot and the man looked exhausted. Rodolfo gave him some wine and asked where he came from. The man told that he had escaped from the monastery in Montecatini and had no intention to ever go back.

This remark aroused Rodolfo´s curiosity, and little by little he managed to get the whole story. The man, Leonetto, was a lay brother in Montecatini and had worked as a gardener. The work wasn't too hard, but there were a lot of young novices in the monastery who were mainly the black sheep of their families. They had been sent to Montecatini with the firm belief that the peace and quiet of the isolated monastery would do them good. These young rascals were there against their will, and seething with vitality, they used every opportunity for pleasure to counterbalance the drabness of the monastic life. In their endless search for excitement they soon found out that not only was Leonetto susceptible to the pleasures of the flesh, but he also carried the biggest cock in Montecatini. At first assisting the horny boys in their frantic search of relief was quite enjoyable, but eventually the endless flow of willing asses and lusty mouths turned tiresome, and before he finally decided to leave the monastery, Leonetto was totally drained.

"Those boys are insatiable. Had I stayed in Montecatini, I would surely have been dead within a couple of weeks," Leonetto said. With growing interest and fast hardening cock, Rodolfo had listened to Leonetto. "What a place! Hot asses swarming around you just begging to get impaled. Light work, ample meals and all those horny boys praying for cock. The place must be a paradise," Rodolfo thought.

"Do they have a new gardener yet?" Rodolfo asked. "No. I promised the Abbot to help him find one, but I would rather that my eternal soul burn in hell than send anybody to that whorehouse," Leonetto answered.

"Well, my friend, while I fully understand your decision, may I ask you for a letter of recommendation to the Abbot of Montecatini? As you can see, the harvest is not very good this year and if I don't get another job, I'm afraid I shall be starving during the winter. I have always been interested in gardening and I'm used to hard work as you see," Rodolfo said.

"But what about your soul? Are you not worried about the purity of your eternal soul?" Leonetto asked.

"I'm just a simple clodhopper, you see. I'm not sure that I even have a soul and besides, who would be interested in my soul?" Rodolfo answered thinking about his big throbbing cock. Leonetto shrugged his shoulders and wrote the letter. A few days later Rodolfo arrived in Montecatini and got the job. He took care of the garden, had his meals with the monks and spent the nights in his own cell. The young delicious-looking novices helped Rodolfo, but being much wiser due to Leonetto's complaints, the Abbot kept the boys under strict surveillance. Rodolfo was badly suited for celibacy, and the forced abstinence started to get on his nerves. The boys were precisely as beautiful as Leonetto had described, but Rodolfo got no chance to be alone with them.

One day he was cutting branches from an apple tree, and his young assistant was standing under the tree with the monk who was guarding them when Rodolfo got an idea. "For Christ's sake, what do you think you are doing, you old goat?" he suddenly yelled to the monk. "Don't you have any decency, you dirty old pig? How dare you fuck that innocent young boy right in front of my eyes? I can't leave that innocent soul with you for a minute," Rodolfo said and climbed down from the tree. The monk claimed that he had done nothing wrong, but the infuriated Rodolfo refused to listen to him. "I have to protect this boy from you and therefore you must climb up the tree and do the cutting following my orders," Rodolfo bellowed and the sheepish old monk climbed into the tree. He cut the branches following Rodolfo´s orders, but when he happened to look down, he saw Rodolfo´s hairy ass flexing and relaxing as he fucked the boy with vigor and vim. The euphoric boy wriggled in his strong arms with an ecstatic smile on his face and his legs were wide open. "What the hell are you doing?" the shocked monk shouted. "Let go of that boy this instant!" he said and climbed down from the apple tree. As he turned around, he saw Rodolfo and the novice standing there seemingly innocent and surprised. "Did you really see us doing something improper, brother Emilio?" Rodolfo asked and the monk told them what he had seen.

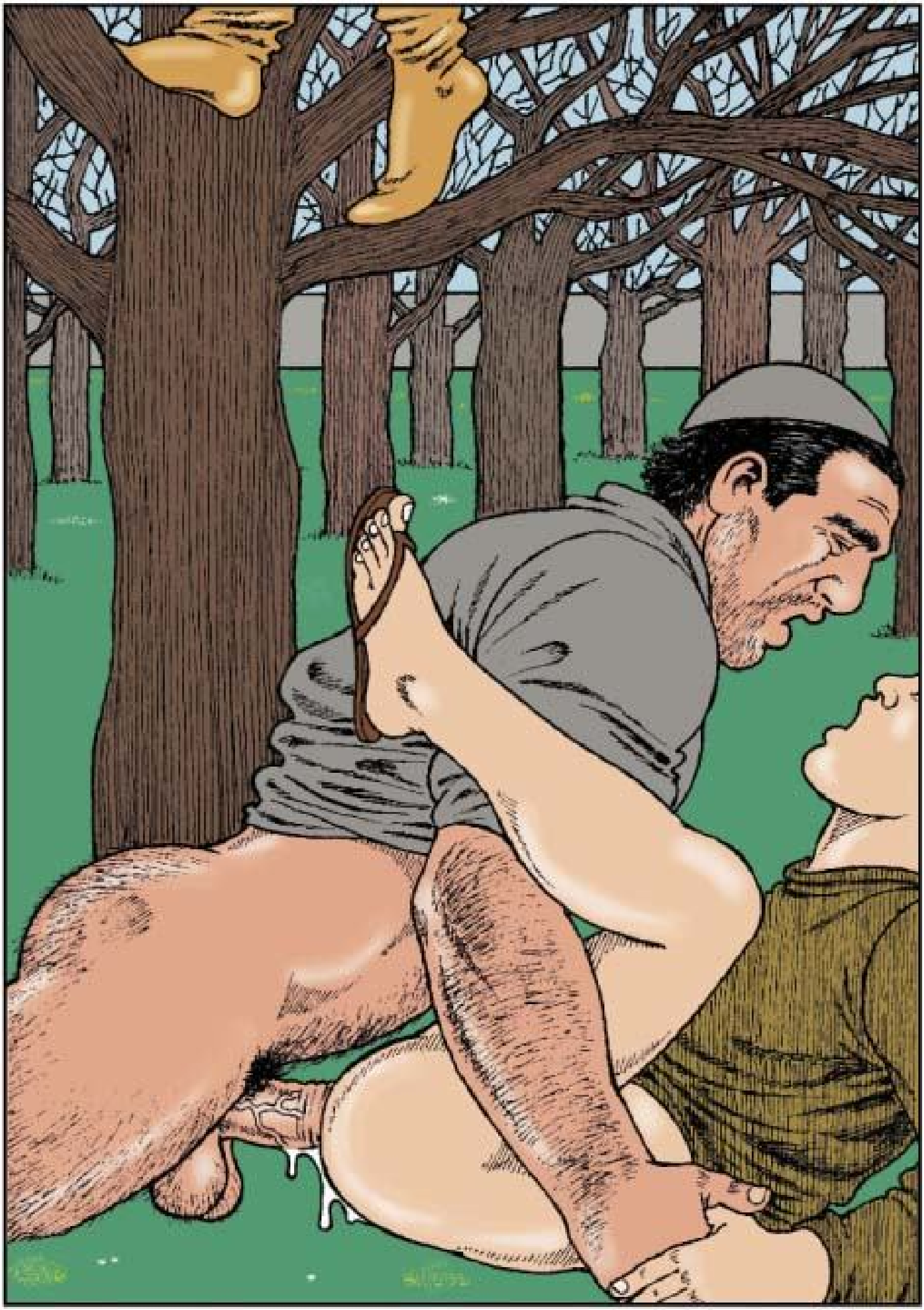
"Why, that's exactly what I saw you doing when I was up there," Rodolfo said. Brother Emilio vehemently denied that he had done any such thing, and the novice confirmed that. "There must be something wrong with that tree. I have to go back and take another look," Rodolfo said and climbed back up the tree. As he turned to look down at them, his eyes widened in disbelief. "You scoundrel! I should have known that you were fooling me. Take your filthy hands off that boy," Rodolfo shouted and came back to the ground in a hurry. It took some time to convince Rodolfo that he had seen a vision. "That tree must have been cursed by the Devil himself. Since you are better protected against his evil tricks, brother Emilio, I think that you should cut the branches. It is evident that as long as you see those vicious visions, the curse is still there. Even if you have to cut all the branches, it is important that you not stop until the visions have vanished," Rodolfo said and helped brother Emilio climb up. When brother Emilio turned to look down he saw Rodolfo and the novice in an unspeakable act of debauchery. Clenching his teeth, brother Emilio began to cut the branches, determined to get rid of that horrible curse. Every now and then he looked down and saw that the Devil wasn't going to give up easily. The visions he saw were so reckless and licentious that his own cock turned hard and he had to stop to pray several times. He had already cut almost all the branches before he finally saw Rodolfo and the novice standing under the tree as if nothing had happened.

"Thank God it's over now," brother Emilio said puffing and wiping his forehead. "Do you mean that you don't see those hallucinations anymore?" Rodolfo asked. "Yes, the nightmare is over," brother Emilio said and climbed down. Rodolfo had fucked the lusty novice so profoundly that the delirious boy couldn't keep his mouth shut, and Rodolfo´s cunning trick was soon known by everybody in the monastery. The Abbot of Montecatini was a lustful man and he ruled the monks and the novices with his iron cock. He was afraid that the rumors of his ways might get outside the monastery walls, and that was the primary reason for the strict surveillance of the novices. The Abbot heard about Rodolfo´s trick from his lover, a beautiful boy named Marco. Brother Emilio's credulity amused him enormously and he had to give credit to Rodolfo for his boldness, but he also had to keep in mind the reputation of his monastery. The arrogant gardener had to be punished in a suitable way.

Early next morning brother Emilio, Rodolfo and the novices were gathered in his chambers, and brother Emilio explained what had happened in the garden. He was aided by the humble novice and seemingly innocent Rodolfo. "That incident shows us all how inventive the Devil is, and I'm delighted that our resourceful gardener so quickly found a way to prevent his evil deeds," said the Abbot after brother Emilio had finished his story. "However, I'm afraid that the rest of the trees in our orchard might be similarly infested, and I suggest that Rodolfo examine them all. I couldn't forgive myself if an innocent soul was lured by these indecent visions again," the Abbot said, and Rodolfo supported him whole-heartedly.

The Abbot, Rodolfo and a beautiful novice went to the orchard and eagerly, Rodolfo climbed up the nearest tree. As he turned to start the show, to his amazement Rodolfo saw that the Abbot was actually fucking the boy with rapturous enthusiasm. "What the hell are you doing, Sir?" Rodolfo asked. "Whatever you see, you know that it is only a vision, son. Don't pay any attention to the Devil's tricks, just keep on cutting the branches until everything looks normal again," the Abbot said with a faltering voice.
It took Rodolfo several days to cut all the trees, and during that time he was forced to watch the horny abbot fucking one eager novice after another with great gusto and fierce energy. Even if Rodolfo tried not to look, he couldn't help hearing the noisy love-making and planning revenge was his only consolation.

Rodolfo had seen Marco, the Abbot's lover, in the garden and had fallen madly in love with him. Never had Rodolfo seen such beauty, but however much he tried, there was no way he could be alone with Marco even for a short time. From Marco's eyes Rodolfo could see that he wasn't repulsive to the boy, and therefore he was constantly on the watch for an unexpected opportunity. He soon found out that the Abbot mainly visited his lover in the small hours of the morning, and used a certain code by tapping to get in. In his frantic search for an opportunity, Rodolfo was ready to take great risks to get what he wanted. He was approximately the same height and shape as the Abbot, and with his head covered, Rodolfo could easily be mistaken for him in the darkness. So one night the excited Rodolfo, dressed in a robe, stood outside Marco's cell and tapped on the door in a familiar way. Marco let him in and in the pitch darkness led him to his bed. Marco noticed that his lover was unusually passionate that night, but suspected nothing. While Rodolfo fucked him with great gusto, Marco was too delirious to think about anything but the intense pleasure his lover's massive cock brought him. When Rodolfo had finally shot his heavy load, Marco was so exhausted that he fell back to sleep immediately.



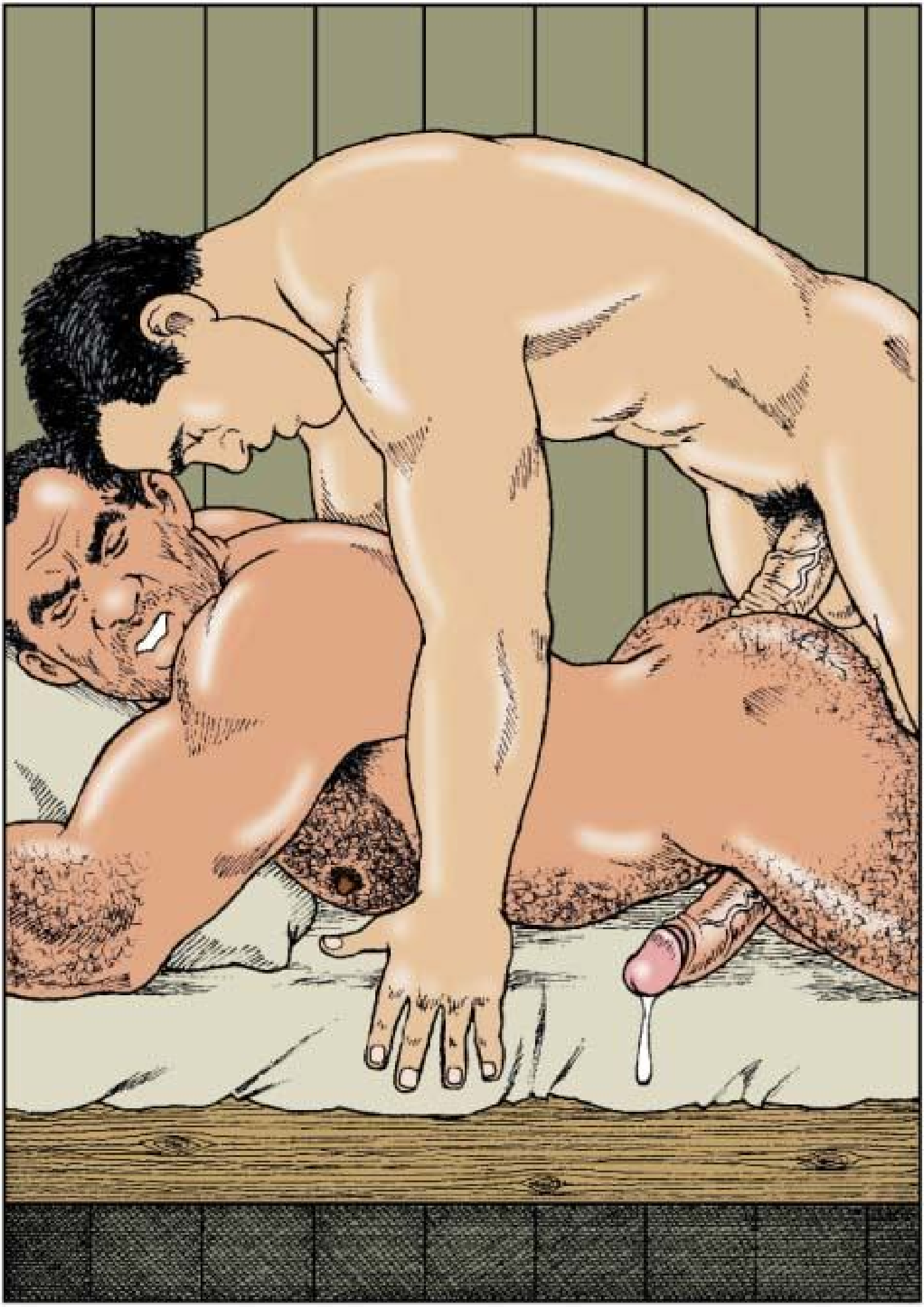
Later that night the Abbot tapped on Marco's door in his customary manner and was let in. The Abbot quickly stripped of his robe and climbed into the bed. When he amorously embraced his half-awake lover, Marco wrapped his arms around him and whispered, "You are really horny tonight, Pater. A few moments ago you gave me a wonderful token of your passion, and now your sturdy bludgeon is rock hard again."

The Abbot was not a stupid man. He knew right away that somebody had dipped his cock into his honey pot and cuckolded him. He didn't say anything, but he was furious and he gave an ecstatic Marco a fierce fucking that made the boy sob out of sheer excitement. The Abbot had his own suspicions who the culprit was and he also knew that he would try to do it again. Even though the Abbot was seething with rage, he acted as if he hadn't noticed anything. He kept Marco's cell under strict surveillance, and sure enough, on the second night after the incident he saw a man get in using his code tapping. The Abbot didn't want to be the laughingstock of the whole monastery, and he waited outside in order to catch the culprit when he was leaving, but he waited and waited and nothing happened. He then sneaked in and realized that after ardent love-making they had both fallen asleep, one on top of the other. Cautiously, the Abbot cut off a big tuft of hair from the culprit's forehead and sneaked out again.

When Rodolfo woke up he dressed quickly and rushed out of Marco's cell. After passionate sex he had fallen asleep and had a hairbreadth escape. Relieved, he leaned against the wall and wiped his sweaty forehead, and that's when he noticed what had happened. There was no doubt in his mind that somebody had cut his hair to recognize him later. Rodolfo hurried into the big dormitory where some thirty monks were fast asleep and cut their hair in a similar fashion, and then he went to sleep. In the morning the Abbot had to swallow his vexation when he saw what had happened, and listened to the jokes inspired by the new popular haircut that so many monks sported. As time passed, the Abbot learned to respect the humble gardener and they became friends, but never so close friends that given a fair chance, Rodolfo would have hesitated to dip his robust rod into the Abbot's hot honey pot."

Ricardo's story was greeted with joyful laughter, and the food he had ordered was excellent. Marato was then unanimously elected as the new king and the sounds of music and laughter were heard from the candlelit terrace until late at night. Marato had not taken his eyes from Tancredo's bulging crotch since they met for the first time. Tancredo could almost feel Marato's burning eyes fondling his crotch and he was pleased by his attention. Tancredo was a country boy with uncomplicated pleasures. Eating, drinking and fucking some asses was all he asked, and in Marato he found a soul mate. Tancredo guided Marato's hand to his crotch and Marato realized that the boy was hung like a horse. Blood rushed to Marato's face and he was short of breath when he felt the bulk of Tancredo's beefy cock. "Come," Tancredo whispered and led Marato into a tiny room above the stables.

Marato knelt on the dusty floor and buried his face in Tancredo's crotch. With shaky hands he pulled down Tancredo's pants and watched in awe how his huge cock lifted its turgid head. In a fervent frenzy Marato kissed and licked Tancredo's big beefy cock until the boy lifted Marato's face and shoved his throbbing cock into his mouth. With joyous ardor Marato began to suck Tancredo's massive cock and kneaded his beautifully curved buttocks with his strong hands.



"Take off your clothes," Tancredo hissed as he pulled out his twitching cock. Frantic, Marato tore off his clothes and Tancredo toppled him on a narrow bed. He opened Marato's hairy buttocks and pushed his bloated cock against his tight asshole. "Shove it in, oh, please shove it in," Marato pleaded while stifling excitement made him shiver in anticipation. With an unexpectedly hard thrust Tancredo shoved the plump head of his rock hard cock through Marato's tight sphincter and made the surprised man moan in agony. Tancredo had a bridgehead now and slowly, but surely he infiltrated the narrow pass totally. Marato gasped for air, and his body tensed as Tancredo's big fat cock impaled him fully and started to move back and forth in his tight tunnel. Soon the horny boy was fucking Marato with fierce energy. Their sweaty bodies were slapping together with force that pumped air out of Marato's lungs in heavy grunts and pants. With each vigorous thrust Tancredo's solid cock grazed Marato's inflamed prostate until the poor man couldn't take it anymore and with violent convulsions he shot his load. Marato lay on the coarse mattress inhaling the smell of dry hay and horses, while Tancredo plowed his ass with inexhaustible energy. Unbelievable as it may sound, this most masculine man was deflowered by a mere youngster. Marato was known for his virility, but nobody had fucked his ass before. A young colt subdued a mature stallion to his fierce cock and fucked him in a blind frenzy. When Tancredo finally blasted his hot sperm into Marato's ass, the man was squirming out of ecstasy. That set the pattern in their relationship. Tancredo had no respect for maturity and all his lovers were treated equally, fucked fiercely. To everybody's amazement Marato was like wax in Tancredo's hands and melted at the sight of his superb cock. Eagerly he offered his ass for Tancredo's playground and the horny boy never abandoned it for a long period of time.

To be continued.....

Chapter Seven

"Dear friends," Marato began his story. "In Urbino a few years ago, lived a handsome man named Sandro Bastiani. He was a wealthy merchant who had fallen in love with a beautiful boy, Luca di Severino. However Luca, the son of a noble family, was madly in love with another nobleman, Vicenzo di Cremona.

Sandro had tried to capture Luca´s heart for several years, but to no avail. Luca only had eyes for Vicenzo and was very jealous about him. Sandro noticed that and changed his tactics, pretending that he had finally come to his senses - and that he had realized that he couldn´t compete with Vicenzo. He made Luca think that his earlier amorous feelings for him had turned into a fast friendship and that all he wanted to do now was to help Luca in any way he could. To hide his real intentions, Sandro even got himself another lover, a smart boy called Jacopo. Sandro adapted to his new role so brilliantly that Luca soon forgot that he had ever been anything but a good loyal friend.

One day Sandro came to see Luca and told him that he had recently found a letter from Vicenzo on Jacopo´s desk. According to the letter Vicenzo and Jacopo had plans to meet secretly in a public bath house that had a bad reputation. The reason for the meeting was obvious; it was mentioned in the letter in no uncertain terms. Sandro said that he had checked the bath house and found that on Thursday night the bath house was closed for a private party. The reservations were made by Vicenzo himself. His jealousy got the best of Luca and he believed what Sandro had told him. "I should have known that Vicenzo was fooling around behind my back. Before I´m through with him, that son of a bitch will regret that he ever lived," Luca swore tormented by his jealousy.

"I think I have found a way to punish them both," Sandro said. "I shall take care that Jacopo can´t go to the bath house on Thursday. Instead of Jacopo, you will be there to meet Vicenzo in a dark room. Let him make love to you before you reveal yourself. Imagine his embarrassment and stupefaction when he realizes that instead of Jacopo he made love to you. I´m eager to see how he wriggles out of that situation," Sandro said. Luca thought that it was a brilliant idea and together they planned the trap.

On Thursday night Luca went into the bath house, and the bath keeper led him into a private room. The windows were covered with blankets according to Luca´s orders and satisfied Luca asked the bath keeper to bring in the gentleman as soon as he arrived. Luca then stripped off all his clothes and blew out the candles. He climbed into bed and waited for Vicenzo in total darkness. He didn´t have to wait long before there was a knock at the door and the bath keeper let in Sandro, who was wearing a mask. As soon as the door was closed behind him, Sandro took off the mask and whispered, "There´s no need to be shy, my darling, but if you´d rather give yourself to me in the darkness, I have nothing to complain about as long as I can feel your gorgeous body against mine." Sandro then stripped off his clothes quickly, and climbed into the bed.

As angry as Luca was, he soon melted in his lover´s passionate embrace, and they made love in frantic fury. Ecstatic, Luca wriggled and spasmed in his lover´s arms while Sandro´s rock hard cock pounded Luca´s smooth butt with fierce energy. They soon reached their climax and exploded simultaneously in a shattering orgasm. In his post-coital depression Luca realized that his lover hadn´t fucked him with the same frenzy for quite some time, and his rage gathered momentum.

Suddenly he jumped out of the bed and lit a candle. As he turned around to give his unfaithful lover what he deserved, instead of Vicenzo he saw a triumphant Sandro in the bed with a robust hardon. Luca understood what had happened, and despite Sandro´s eager hindering attempts, Luca hastily dressed himself and rushed out of the bath house without saying a word.

Luca realized that his jealousy had been used as a weapon against him, and he was lured to do exactly what he had blamed Vicenzo for. Tormented by his groundless jealousy, unhappy Luca confessed everything to Vicenzo and asked for his forgiveness. Luca said that he had learned his lesson and would never be jealous again. Vicenzo saw that Luca truly loved him and was in terrible agony for fear of losing him. Vicenzo´s heart melted and he took the fearful Luca in his arms kissing him tenderly. Their reconcilation was sweet and passionate and Luca proved his innocence beyond any doubt.

Sandro was uneasy because of Luca´s behavior. He had expected that after such a great performance, Luca would never want to have sex with anybody else, but to his amazement Luca had left him without a word and refused to see him again. Luca´s blank rejection bothered him a lot, and Jacopo noticed his depression. When Sandro refused to talk about it, Jacopo said that Sandro should go to church to ease his mind, and Sandro promised to do that first thing in the morning.

Sandro´s behavior had aroused Jacopo´s curiosity, and early that morning he hurried into the church and took the priest´s seat in the confessional. He didn´t have to wait long for Sandro, who came in wanting to confess his sins. Sandro then explained his scheme and asked forgiveness.

"My son," said Jacopo changing his voice. "You intentionally broke most of the ten commandments and that is a serious crime. You can´t expect to get out of this with alms and a few Pater Nosters. I´m afraid that your penance must be a lot harder than that. For a week you must stay in strict celibacy. You must spend your nights in prayer locked in an empty room. Satan will test your faith constantly because losing a gifted disciple like you infuriates him. Under no circumstances are you to be let out of the room before dawn. After you have done this penance conscientiously, you must come back here and renew your commitment in a Holy Communion. Do you think you can do this, son?" Jacopo asked.

After Sandro had promised to do everything that the Father Confessor had asked, Jacopo gave him his blessing and let him go. It was hard for Jacopo to remain calm while he listened to Sandro´s confession, but as I said, he was a smart boy. Sandro´s deceitfulness infuriated him, but he knew how to punish his unfaithful lover. After Sandro had left, Jacopo hurried to see Luca.

He met Luca with Vicenzo and told them how he had found out what had happened, and how he intended to punish Sandro. He invited them to join him that night because Sandro had hurt Luca and Vicenzo even more than he had hurt Jacopo. They promised to come and Jacopo left the house to make some preparations for his revenge.

When he returned, Sandro was waiting for him and asked Jacopo to help him remove all furniture out of one room. Sandro said that he was going to try a new kind of consecration he had heard of recently. For that purpose it was necessary for him to spend seven nights alone in an empty room and behind a locked door. Under no circumstances was he to be let out of the room until dawn, no matter how much he begged. Jacopo promised to help him and suggested that a small corner room was ideal for the purpose. It only had one heavily bolted door and two small windows high up, close to the ceiling. Sandro agreed and soon the room was empty and bare. After a light dinner Sandro went in and Jacopo locked the heavy door behind him.

Jacopo had good reason to suggest the the small corner room. It was surrounded by a guest room and the dining room, but best of all, it was right below Jacopo´s own bedroom. As soon as Sandro was safely locked in, the house was suddenly full of activity. Jacopo had ordered a sumptuous dinner for six and the caterers were busy carrying in delicious dishes and wine. The table was hardly set when Jacopo´s guests started to arrive. Apart from Luca and Vicenzo, Jacopo had invited Sandro´s archrival Giovanni del Saggio, his friend Tommaso Fiorentino and Tommaso´s lover, Mauro. Jacopo led them to the table, and the delicious food together with the excellent wines soon turned the party into full swing. Merry laughter and the hum of happy voices filled the room while witty jokes popped like firecrackers around the table.

Gradually, Sandro became aware of the noise around him. He heard the clinking of glasses and the hum of voices as if there were a party going on in his house. He thought that he even recognized some of the voices although he wasn´t able to hear the exact words. He knew that he was hallucinating because Jacopo had given the servants the night off. He tried to push the matter out of his mind, but the noise became louder and louder. "This must be the tricks of the Devil himself," Sandro thought and covered his ears, but the noise still annoyed him. Suddenly the heavy door started to jolt in its frames as if someone had used all his strength to get in. Sandro stood behind the door when he suddenly realized that someone was using the door for support while vigorously fucking his lover against it. The heavy door made an awful racket, and Sandro could hear their ecstatic moaning as they approached climax.

At the same time he became aware of an intense knocking from above, a sound he knew only too well. It was the sound that Jacopo´s big four-poster bed made when Sandro fucked him with all his might. As if that hadn´t been enough, he heard intense moaning and groaning from the guest room as well. All night long he was forced to listen to those hellish sounds of ferocious fucking, and he was totally drained when Jacopo finally let him out in the morning.

In a frenzy he rushed from one room to another, but he couldn´t find any signs of an orgy anywhere. Everything was as usual, and gradually Sandro had to admit that the Devil had fooled him profoundly. That only made him more determined to go through the consecration, no matter what.
Every night for the rest of the week Jacopo locked Sandro in and had wild parties with his friends, but gradually his enthusiasm faded. He saw how badly Sandro suffered and yet how persistently he made amends for his evil deeds. Sandro´s growing desperation touched his heart and Jacopo needed all his will-power to go on. At the end of the week he loved Sandro more than ever before.

To celebrate the end of Sandro´s ordeal, Jacopo arranged a sumptuous dinner, and his funny stories together with the delicious food and excellent wines made Sandro feel great again. He felt even greater when Jacopo opened his fly and began to lick his erect cock. Sandro´s massive weapon was soon perpendicular with bulging veins and big bloated head. Jacopo stripped off his clothes and said, "I want you now, this minute. Quickly, Sandro, fuck me against the door! Oh, please, fuck me against the door." Excited Sandro grabbed Jacopo in his arms and lifted him against the door behind which he had suffered for seven nights. He jabbed his solid cock inside the ecstatic boy and fucked him profoundly while the door made an awful racket under his fierce attacks.

They returned to the table, but after some hot kissing and necking Sandro´s substantial pole was in fuck-ready state again. This time Jacopo took him to the guest room and, and with huge gusto and energy they fucked on the guest room floor. When overpowering lust hit them for the third time they had patience enough to climb upstairs and do it in Jacopo´s four-poster bed.

Sandro´s celibacy was a major contributor to their ardent love-making that night. Before dessert they managed to enjoy each other´s bodies four times and a couple of times more before they finally fell asleep in each other´s arms. Sandro understood that the Devil had nothing to do with the noise he had heard. They were meant for his encouragement and anticipated the divine pleasures awaiting for him. Ever since that night Sandro has been deeply devoted to Jacopo, and the spirits who were actually responsible for those disturbing sounds are wise enough to keep their mouths shut, including Giovanni del Saggio."

Marato´s story aroused a lot of sympathy for poor Sandro. They all knew how he must have suffered. After all, those fiendish noises were not totally uncommon in Filippo´s house either, but they gave credit to Jacopo for his smart way in soothing Sandro´s pain. They then tasted the food that Marato had ordered for them and they were so pleased with it that they elected Ruggiero as the next king.

Originally, Ruggiero had chosen to fuck Gianni because he knew that his master, Filippo, was fucking his son, Ferondo. Ruggiero considered it only fair that he fuck Filippo´s son in return. Ruggiero wasn´t sure about Gianni´s reaction until he actually had fucked him on the dinner table. The experienced and mature ass-man was knocked off his feet by Gianni´s unmasked hunger for his big beefy cock. The ecstatic boy fondled his seasoned tool with his tight sphincter and with shivering lips he urged Ruggiero to fuck him. Gianni´s obvious delight inspired him, and Ruggiero took pains to satisfy his hunger. Straining his every nerve, Ruggiero gave the boy a thorough trashing with his rugged rural cock, and their fucking was so hectic that they hardly noticed the crashing of of glasses and plates which fell from the table.

After that first fuck they were inseparable. Ruggiero´s mature vitality and stamina fascinated young Gianni and his robust rod made the boy drool. Gianni´s open adoration flattered Ruggiero, but it was Gianni´s unfailing ability to turn him on whenever he wanted that captivated Ruggiero´s mind. His sex with Gianni was frequent, unrestricted, and highly satisfying. What more can a man ask?

To be continued... ... ...

Chapter Eight

"Dear friends," Ruggiero started his story when they were all gathered on the patio again. "In our village there lived a farmer named Severo Bondone. He was a good-natured man who was at peace with himself and with the world. His wife was very pious and lived strictly according to the scriptures. They had a son, Angelo, the very apple of his mother´s eye who was not given his name for nothing.

Angelo was a beautiful boy whose mother kept a close watch on him as he grew up. She didn´t want him to become a farmer like his rugged father and she never allowed him to fool around with the village boys. Angelo shared his parent´s bedroom, and his mother pampered him like a baby. As a result Angelo knew very little about real life.

One summer they had to get help with the harvest and hired a young farm hand, Luciano. He was a handsome young man with a strong muscular body seething with vitality. When Luciano saw Angelo, he fell in love with the beautiful boy instantly, but he didn´t know what to do because Angelo´s mother never let the boy out of her sight. Because of the heat, hunky Luciano worked without a shirt, and his handsomely tanned body strangely attracted Angelo, but he was too shy to even speak to Luciano. His hungry eyes followed Luciano´s every movement though, but when Luciano looked at him, Angelo quickly dropped his eyes.

It was a maddening situation for Luciano, and the oppressive heat made it even worse. Tormented by his fierce lust, Luciano had to ease his pressure by whacking his superb cock while dreaming about Angelo´s beautiful face and his smooth body.

He sometimes had to do it during the daytime too, and during siesta he whacked his prominent meat behind a shed where Angelo´s mother kept the melons. During siesta everybody stayed inside because of the intense heat so Luciano just dropped his pants. Fantasizing that he was there alone with Angelo, Luciano stroked his throbbing cock, and arching his back, he then shot his load far into the field.

One day when the weather was exceptionally oppressive, Angelo´s mother sent him to fetch a melon from the shed. While he was in there, Angelo thought he heard something outside and peeked to look through a slit between the boards. He saw Luciano standing naked with his legs wide apart and stroking his funny looking cock in furious frenzy. Angelo had never seen a big cock like that.

Luciano´s big bulging muscles were strained and his tanned skin glittered with tiny sweat drops as he whacked that strange looking thing. His turgid cock looked swarthy and its big bloated head was purple and shiny skinned like a delicious plum.

Luciano panted and heaved audibly, and with a violent cry he arched his back. His strong fist squeezed the big plum and the juice flew out far into the field. Angelo didn´t dare to breathe while Luciano rebuckled his pants and disappeared. The sight of Luciano stroking his big veiny cock was so exciting that Angelo couldn´t get it out of his mind.

He couldn´t sleep that night because of that. He tossed and turned in the bed, and when his mother asked what was bothering him, Angelo blamed the heat.

The next day Angelo kept an eye on Luciano, and when he saw him go behind the shed again, Angelo sneaked out of the house saying that he was going to fetch another melon. Once inside the shed, he rushed to his observation point to peek at Luciano, but in his excitement he stumbled against a shelf and some melons fell on the floor.

He was picking them up when Luciano came in and closed the door behind him. With a bulging crotch he stood in front of Angelo and said,"You have been spying on me, haven´t you? There is no need for that. You can see my cock whenever you wish," Luciano said and dropped his pants.

He then buried his fingers in Angelo´s curly hair and pulled his burning face to his bushy crotch. Angelo flushed when Luciano stroked his face with his beefy cock. "You want to taste it, don´t you? Open your sweet mouth and suck my cock, Angelo. Nobody can see what we are doing here," Luciano said and put the hot knob of his big fat cock to Angelo´s shivering lips.

The baffled boy opened his mouth and Luciano shoved the bloated head of his rippling cock into Angelo´s hot mouth. Luciano´s cock was big and smooth, and it tasted slightly salty when Angelo cautiously licked it with his slippery tongue. Luciano had waited for this to happen so long that nothing more was needed and he shot his hot load into Angelo´s mouth.

The innocent boy didn´t know what to expect and Luciano´s creamy cum splashed all over his face. Luciano lifted him up and held him in his strong arms. He kissed and licked Angelo´s face passionately until there was not a trace of cum anywhere. Luciano´s fervent kisses and the touch of his nude body were so exciting that Angelo´s cock was suddenly rock hard.

"You'd better go now before your mother comes after you. I want to make love to you and I know that you want it too, so listen carefully. Tonight you must ask permission to sleep on the small balcony outside your parent´s bedroom. Hide a rope under your mattress and as soon as your parents are asleep you must tie the rope on the railing, and I shall come to you," Luciano said and gave Angelo a melon.

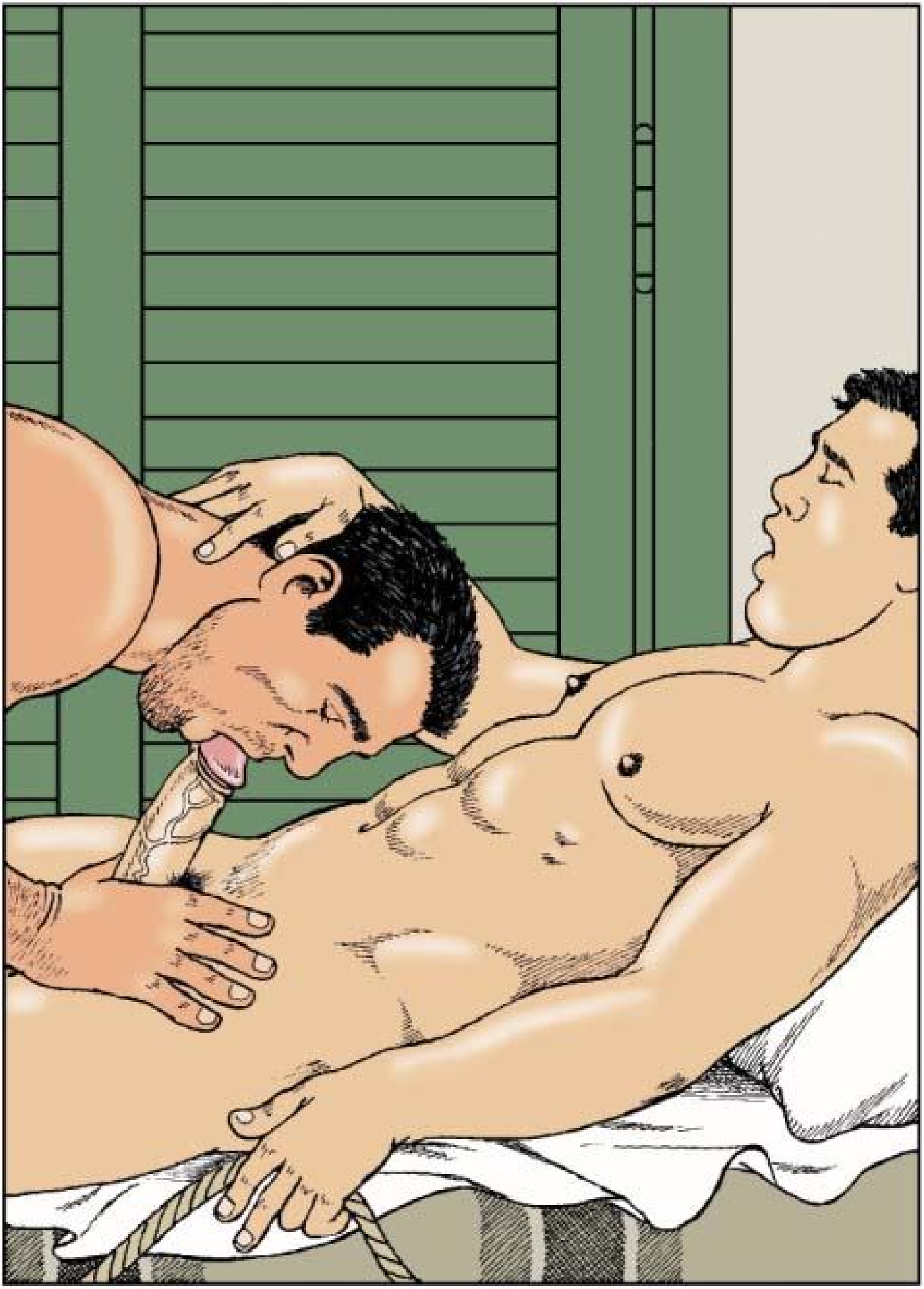
For the rest of the day Angelo was on needles and pins. The sweet taste of Luciano´s creamy cum lingered in his mouth, and he couldn´t stop thinking about what had happened in the shed. Finally it was time to go to bed, and Angelo said that it was too hot to sleep inside. He wanted to sleep on the balcony and hear the nightingales sing.

At first his mother didn´t want to hear such nonsense, but Severo reminded her how Angelo had suffered the night before and persuaded his wife to give in. "He´s only sleeping on the balcony, not sailing to Spain. To ease your mind I shall lock the balcony door so that he can´t escape and do any foolish things during the night," Severo said. Angelo´s mother gave in, and the triumphant boy carried his mattress to the balcony and Severo locked the door behind him.

It was a moonlit night and the nightingales were singing in the darkness, but impatient Angelo wished to hear more profane sounds, his parents snoring. As soon as they were fast asleep Angelo tied a rope to the railing and dropped the other end into the darkness below. The rope was immediately tightened, and it didn´t take long for Luciano to climb to the balcony.

When Luciano curled beside him, Angelo noticed that he was totally naked and his big hefty cock was rock-hard. Luciano turned on top of Angelo and gave him a long kiss while he peeled off the nightshirt of the trembling boy. Luciano licked Angelo´s ear and whispered, "What ever happens, for Christ´s sake, keep your mouth shut. Bite the pillow if you must, but be silent. I won´t hurt you, I love you too much." Luciano then started to kiss and lick Angelo´s smooth body passionately, and soon the lusty boy eagerly responded to Luciano´s kisses.

Luciano crawled backward and began to kiss and lick Angelo´s inflamed crotch. The delirious boy drew air through his clenched teeth when Luciano took his jutting dick into his hot mouth.



As he started to suck it, Angelo remembered what Luciano had said and chewed his pillow to remain silent while Luciano ate his crotch ravenously. Twitching and shivering, Angelo soon reached climax and shot his load into Luciano´s mouth. Never had Angelo felt such ecstasy and bliss than after his first orgasm. He buried his fingers in Luciano´s hair and pressed his face against his crotch, wanting Luciano to go on forever. Luciano had him soon hard again and desperately chewing his pillow.

Angelo felt Luciano´s finger plunge between his buns, stroking his pink pucker. Angelo bashfully clenched his buttocks, but it was too late. Luciano´s big finger was already deep inside him. Skillfully Luciano grazed Angelo´s prostate with his finger, and the delirious boy threw his head from side to side while Luciano added more fingers into Angelo´s tight cavity. Luciano gently stretched Angelo´s tight sphincter, and it felt so good that unknowingly Angelo opened his legs wide to give more space for Luciano´s lusty fingers. Luciano was between his open legs when Angelo suddenly realized that he had pulled his fingers out and forced something big and hot inside him instead.

"Bite the pillow," Luciano whispered, and with a fierce thrust he shoved his big fat cock inside the trembling boy. The pain was enormous, but even before it was totally over, Angelo felt wild excitement taking hold of his body. When Luciano cautiously started to move his swollen cock back and forth in his tight channel, Angelo´s excitement turned more overwhelming stroke after stroke until the violent spasms shook his body and he shot his load against Luciano´s sweaty belly.

At the same time Luciano arched his back and blasted his hot cum inside the shivering boy. Angelo held Luciano in his arms for a long time and whispered sweet nothings in his ear. To Angelo it was a stunning new experience and he wanted his lover to know how much he had enjoyed it, but the physical exhaustion craved its toll, and they soon fell asleep holding each other in a tight embrace.

Severo woke up early in the morning and unlocked the door to the balcony. When he saw Angelo in Luciano´s arms, both fast asleep and Angelo holding Luciano´s beefy cock in his hand, Severo smiled and admired the beauty of the sight for a while. He then cautiously woke up Luciano and whispered that he had to go before Angelo´s mother woke up.

Alarmed as Luciano was, he quickly realized that Severo was not angry with him at all. "Thank you, master, thank you very much," Luciano whispered and gave Severo a quick kiss before he vanished over the railing. Smiling, Severo loosened the rope after Luciano had reached the ground and put it under Angelo´s pillow.

When he returned to the bedroom, his wife woke up and asked what had happened. "Nothing has happened," Severo said. "I just opened the door to the balcony and Angelo is still sleeping there safe and sound. Funny thing is that when I went to the balcony, Angelo held a nightingale in his hand, a real veritable nightingale," Severo said softly.

Severo and Luciano had breakfast together. In the presense of Severo´s wife Luciano couldn´t say anything, but when they were working in the field together, Luciano told Severo everything. Severo put his strong arm around Luciano´s shoulder and said, "Don´t you worry, Luciano, I understand you boys perfectly. If I were younger I would propably join you."

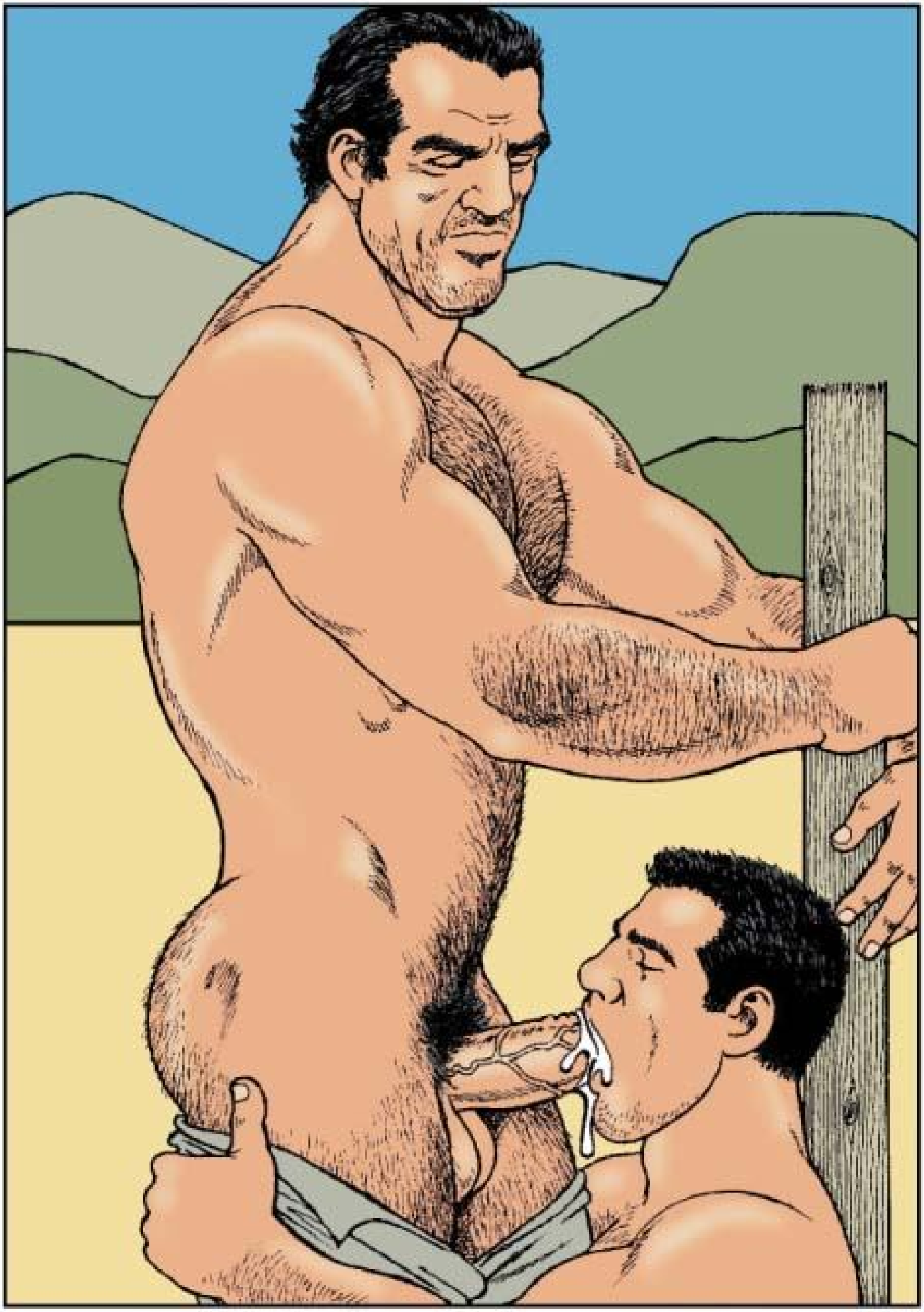
Luciano buried his face into Severo´s furry chest and said, "You are not old, master." His quick hand found its way to Severo´s bulging crotch. "You have been so good to me, master, that I want to show you my appreciation if you don´t mind," Luciano said wrapping his arms around his master. He then kissed Severo´s protruding nipples and fondled his strong buttocks.

Severo was only a man of flesh and blood. When Luciano unbuckled his master´s pants, he saw Severo´s mighty cock in full erection and throbbing with lust. Luciano then took Severo´s cock into his mouth and gave him the blow job of his life. Severo´s sturdy cock plunged deep into Luciano´s throat, but he kneaded Severo´s hairy buttocks as if trying to get it even deeper. His intense suction made Severo´s hairy legs shaky and his heavy balls surged with pent-up juices. Suddenly it all blasted out in a violent torrent that gushed down Luciano´s throat.

Gasping and heaving, Severo tried to free himself, but Luciano held him in a tight hug sucking and licking his softening cock meticulously until he had devoured the last drops of Severo´s tangy semen into his mouth. Severo ground his sweaty crotch against Luciano´s face and said, "You really liked that, didn´t you?" Luciano gave him a radiant smile and said, "I have wanted to do that for a long time, but I didn´t have the nerve."

Severo tussled Luciano´s hair and said, "God bless you, son. With a wife like mine you don´t get much sex. I had almost forgotten how great it feels."

Angelo woke up with a solid hardon. When he remembered what had happened, hot vibrations raced through his body and he had to fondle his erect cock. Oh , how he longed for Luciano´s touch and his strong muscular body! He knew that there was no chance for him to see his lover before siesta and the morning seemed to drag on for ages.



At siesta time Angelo wanted to have a melon again and he was allowed to go to the shed where Luciano was already waiting for him. Quickly they stripped off their clothes, and Luciano made Angelo sit astraddle on his lap while Luciano´s hefty cock penetrated deep inside the trembling boy. When it was fully in and Angelo was sitting on Luciano´s thick pubic bush, Luciano lifted him up and fucked him against the wall. Luciano´s sweaty chest rubbed Angelo´s erect nipples and his big fat cock pounded Angelo´s trembling ass with fierce energy. The explosion came unexpectedly and twitching in Luciano´s strong arms, Angelo got a stunning orgasm which pushed his lover over the edge too. The massive eruption of creamy cum that followed the explosion soon filled Angelo´s cavity, and thick creamy cum oozed out of his hole as Luciano emptied his everhard cock.

Meanwhile, Angelo´s mother realized that she needed some chicken-feed and she rushed after her son. When she walked into the shed and saw nude Angelo in Luciano´s arms, she fainted. Quickly Angelo and Luciano gathered their clothes and rushed out to find help. Severo was painting a door when the boys rushed in and explained what had happened. Severo asked them to calm down and do exactly what he said. After giving his orders, Severo went into the shed and saw that his wife had already recovered.

"Do you know what I saw here? When I came in I saw Luciano nude, that dirty son of a bitch, all over my Angelo," she said crying hysterically. "Calm down, please calm down," Severo said. "This heat must be playing tricks on you. It must have gone to your head and you have been seeing things. After lunch I sent Luciano into the village to get me more paint because I intend to paint the doors and he hasn´t returned yet. And Angelo has been keeping me company while I paint the barn door. So you couldn´t have seen them here," Severo said.

In disbelief she looked at her husband and said, "Are you saying that I have imagined it all? You must be out of your mind. I saw those two scoundrels with my very own eyes and it wasn´t a pretty sight either. I´m going to find them right now," she screamed in a fit of anger and rushed out. Then she suddenly shrieked. "There they are now, on the balcony! That disgusting beast is raping my Angelo. Do something, you moron!" she screamed.

Severo looked at the balcony and then turned to his wife. "Calm down, carissima, calm down. This weather is playing tricks on your nerves. There is nobody on the balcony. Let me help you back into the house. You need some rest," Severo said with a soothing voice. His wife turned to look at him, but all she could see was a slightly worried expression on Severo´s face. "Do you mean that you don´t see them?" she asked. "Yes, carissima, that is exactly what I mean. There is nobody on the balcony. Come on now, let me help you back into the house and you can see it with your own eyes," Severo said calmly and led his wife inside the house.

When Severo opened the door to the balcony, she saw that it indeed was empty, but then her eyes widened as she saw buck-naked Luciano fucking her Angelo down in the garden. Concerned, Severo looked down to the garden too, but the blank expression on his face revealed that he didn´t see anything unusual, and now his wife became worried. Could it be that she had imagined it all? She allowed Severo to take her back into the house and obediently lay down on the bed.

Severo put a cold compress on her forehead and closed the shutters. He also brought some nerve-soothing medicine to her and said, "I will leave you now; you need some rest. After a couple of hours you will feel much better. To ensure that you are not disturbed, I shall lock the door. If you need me, just knock on the floor," Severo said and went out, locking the door behind him.

When Severo came downstairs, Luciano and Angelo were waiting for him. "It´s OK," he said. "I gave her some medicine and she will sleep a couple of hours. I saved your skin this time, but you have to be more careful in the future," Severo added. Their relief was so great that they both wrapped their arms around the benevolent Severo and kissed him. Luciano took Angelo´s hand and guided it to Severo´s bulging crotch. Shocked, Angelo tried to pull his hand off, but Luciano held it in a tight grip. "What´s the matter with you?" he said. "Don´t you want to see how handsomely endowed your Daddy is? Can´t you feel how big and beautiful his cock is? If I had a Daddy like that, I would play with his skin flute all the time," Luciano said and made Angelo squeeze his Daddy´s big hardening cock.

To Angelo´s amazement, Severo didn´t push his hand away. On the contrary, he seemed to enjoy Angelo´s touch since his cock expanded rapidly and turned rock-hard. Luciano opened Severo´s fly and let out his massive cock. He pulled it down and let it spring back up again. "Isn´t it beautiful?" Luciano said and Angelo had to swallow loudly when Luciano took the big bloated head of Severo´s cock into his mouth. Severo´s hold on Angelo´s nude body tightened when Luciano slid his mouth up and down on the length of Severo´s robust rod.

"Why don´t you try it?" Luciano said and pulled Severo´s pants around his ankles. Like in a trance Angelo took his Daddy´s throbbing cock into his mouth. Bobbing his head up and down on Severo´s beefy pole, Angelo started to suck his Daddy the way he had sucked Luciano. Severo opened his bushy crotch fully for his son, and he stroked Angelo´s hair while he sucked Severo´s cock with fast increasing avidity. The fact that he was sucking his own Daddy suddenly aroused Angelo tremendously and Severo´s light moaning made him eat his solid meat in a fervent frenzy.

Severo´s strong body tensed and then the violent spasms started to shake his bushy crotch. Gasping and panting heavily, Severo gave up the fight against cumming and shot a huge load of gooey cum into Angelo´s mouth. Jerking and throbbing violently his cock gushed cum for a long time and triumphantly, Angelo swallowed it all.

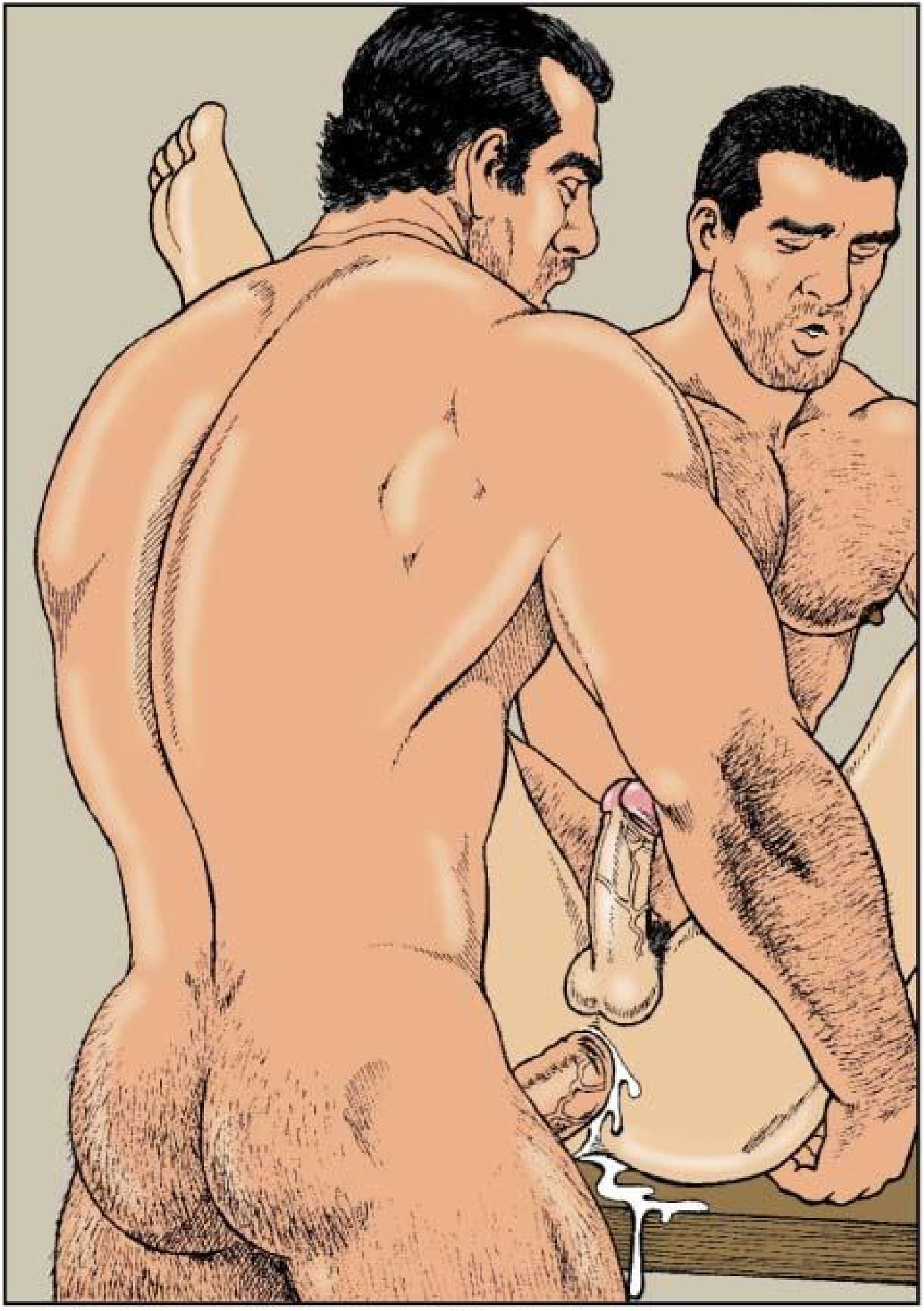
The sight of Angelo sucking his Daddy was so hot that Luciano had an immense erection. As soon as Angelo had finished sucking his Daddy, Luciano pulled the boy into his arms and fondled him passionately. He then stretched Angelo out on top of the table and opened his crack. Severo watched as Luciano thrust his prominent tool inside his son and began to fuck Angelo with fierce energy. At first Angelo was a bit shy because Severo saw him being fucked, but soon he fully surrendered to his lusty lover.

A red-blooded man like Severo couldn´t watch their obvious enjoyment without getting excited, and soon his sturdy cock was perpendicular again. Severo saw Luciano´s nicely curved buttocks clenching and relaxing at the pace of his furious fucking. Moving behind him, Severo touched Luciano´s pucker with the heavy knob of his swollen cock, and with a decisive thrust he impaled his son´s lover. Luciano tensed out of surprise, but transfixed with his lust, Severo forced his cock inside Luciano to the hilt. That was too much for Luciano. After a few fast strokes he started to tremble and with frantic moans he collapsed on top of Angelo. Severo pulled his cock out of shaking Luciano and pushed the boy aside. Severo then took his place and with blazing eyes he thrust his massive cock inside his son. Luciano´s fresh cum eased the penetration and reduced the friction when Severo started to fuck his son with immense gusto.

With widened eyes Angelo gazed at his Daddy who fucked him with visible pleasure. His thrusts were deep, rapid, and hard, and his huge cock moved inside Angelo with surprising ease. His strong hips dealt fuck strokes that pumped the air right out of Angelo´s lungs. Soon Severo´s breathing turned intense, and his deep penetrating fuck strokes turned into quick powerfull thrusts until he suddenly stopped. Standing still with shaky legs, Severo then arched his back, and with an intense howl he emptied his cock inside his drained son. When he pulled his cock out, Severo noticed that Angelo had covered his hairy belly with his sweet boy cum and lay on the table in a delirious stupor.

Severo wiped Angelo´s cum with his finger and licked it while looking at his son intently. Angelo understood that they were going to be fuck buddies permanently and he gave his Daddy a radiant smile.

During the next few weeks the oppressive heat strained the nerves of Angelo´s mother even further. She saw those disturbing visions frequently and not only was it Luciano and Angelo, but she also saw Severo performing those beastly things. Finally she couldn´t take it anymore, and moved to her sister´s house high in the mountains. The climate there suited her perfectly and she stopped hallucinating immediately. She refused to return to our village anymore, and Angelo has lived together with his Daddy ever since. Luciano lives with them too, and he is like another son to Severo. Sadly these visions became a kind of epidemic in our village. During the following summers several pious ladies followed the example of Angelo´s mother and moved to the mountains. To my delight my wife was one of them," Ruggiero ended his story.



The fact that this strange illness never seemed to bother the male population of Ruggiero´s village caused a lot of interest and wild speculations of its origins. The stalwart butcher, Bruno, suggested that the beefy tubesteaks so common in the area were perhaps too strong and virile for the delicate ladies to consume. This opinion was generally accepted and Bruno was elected to become the next king.

Bruno was a big muscular man in his prime with a full basket and beautifully curved buttocks. His bulging crotch caught Masetto´s attention instantly, and very soon his curious fingers found their way to Bruno´s stiff boner. Bruno opened his legs and let the horny boy feel his massive gut-stretcher all the way.

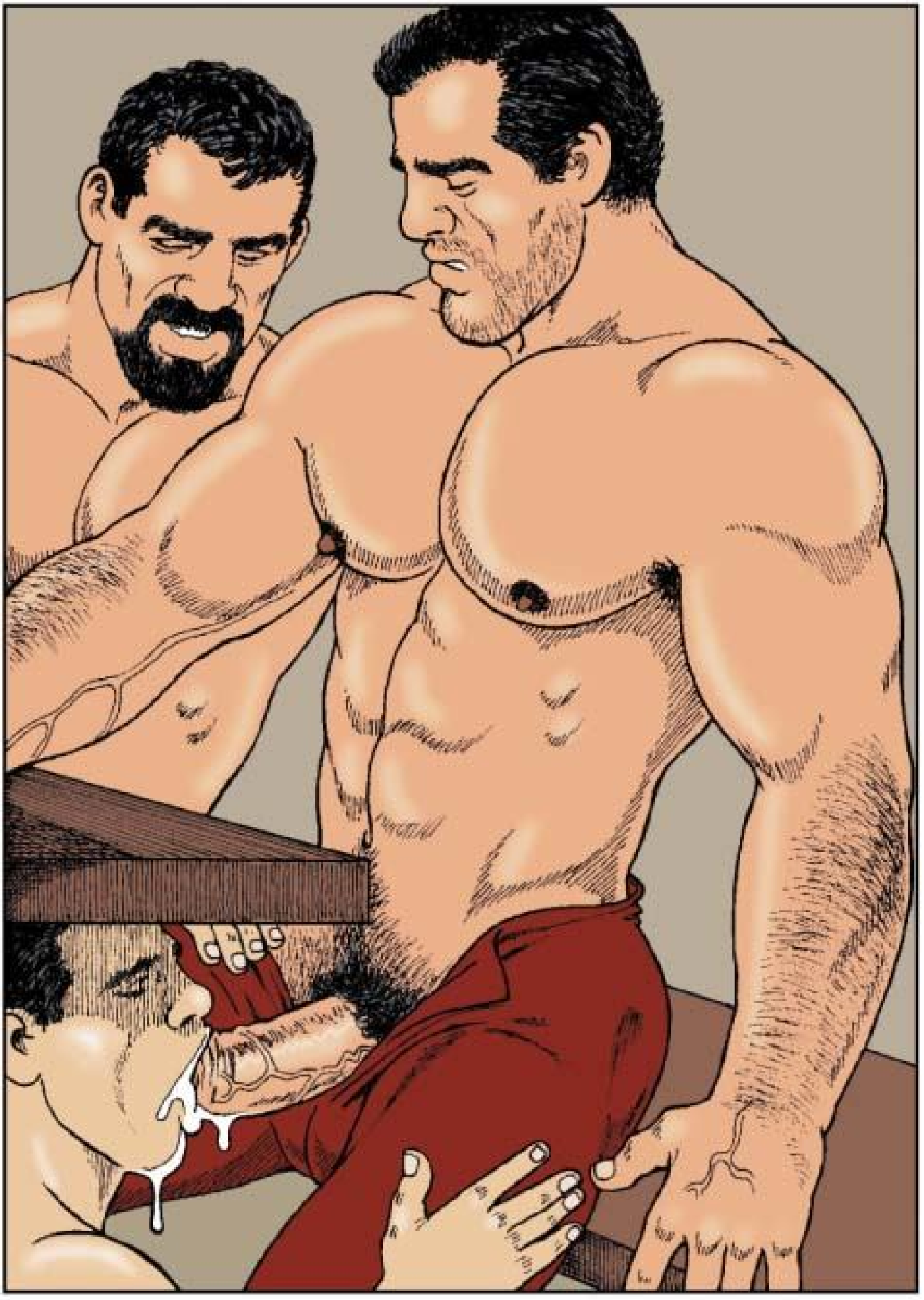
With shaky fingers Masetto opened Bruno´s fly and freed the rampant monster from it prison. He fondled its long stiff neck and admired the shape of its big bloated head. Bruno´s big fat cock was very hard and its big bulging veins throbbed in Masetto´s hand with sinister intentions. A lesser boy might have been frightened by its savage look, but Masetto bowed down and took Bruno´s broad cockhead into his mouth.

Masetto´s first toe-curling kiss made Bruno jump and draw his chair closer. Suddenly Masetto was locked between Bruno´s bushy crotch and the heavy table top with Bruno´s hefty cock buried deep into his throat, and Bruno´s muscular thighs holding him there. The only way out was to make Bruno´s sturdy cock flaccid enough for Masetto to get out of the pin, and luckily he knew exactly how to accomplish that.

The expressions on Bruno´s face were well worth seeing while Masetto treated his inflamed cock, but the others around the table were too occupied with their own pleasures to pay attention on him. Bruno gasped and heaved as if an invisible hand had choked him and his whole body trembled violently. Some heads turned in their direction only when Bruno struggled as if trying to get on his feet and a roaring howl escaped his mouth while Masetto drained his balls with his intense suction.

When Masetto´s tussled head popped up from under the table, he was greeted with a storm of applause. The embarrassed boy still licked Bruno´s cum from the corners of his mouth and blushed for the attention. Bruno pulled him into his arms and gave him a long kiss before he guided the delirious boy upstairs.

Bruno was a lusty man who was driven by his powerful instincts. He had copped the cherries of both of his sons and initiated them painstakingly into the pleasures of the flesh. Masetto was not a virgin anymore, but Bruno was able to teach him a thing or two in bed. Seldom has there been a teacher as zealous as Bruno or a student as ardent to learn as Masetto.



They spent a lot of time at their studies and made intense and profound research on the subject. The results seemed to be very rewarding for them both because you seldom saw them alone.

To be continued... ...

Chapter Nine

"My friends," Bruno started his story. In Braga lived a rich landowner, Battista Cione, who had a beautiful son, Donato. His neighbor, Robusto Bastiani, was not rich, but he was not poor either. Robusto had a very fine horse and an excellent hawk, famous for its hunting skills.

Whenever the harvest was meager, Robusto went hunting and never came back empty-handed. Battista envied Robusto because of his horse and tried to buy it many times. Regardless of how much money or land he offered for it, Robusto steadfastly refused to sell the animal. The horse became an obsession for Battista, and he tried to find other ways to get it into his possession, but Robusto lived alone and led a simple life. Money and land didn´t mean much to him.

One day at church, Robusto saw Donato with his father and it was as if a lightning bolt had struck him. Never in his life had Robusto seen such a beautiful boy, and he couldn´t get his eyes off him. Tormented by his soaring desire, Robusto tried to find a way of meeting him again, but to no avail. After many a sleepless night he realized that there was no other way than to ask Battista´s permission to see Donato and talk to him in private. The avaricious Battista saw his opportunity and was more than delighted to arrange their meeting provided that Robusto gave him his horse for compensation. With a broken heart Robusto promised to do that, and on the appointed day he arrived at Battista´s house with his horse. He was led to Donato´s room, and the boy´s dazzling beauty made him forget his horse instantly.

Unknown to Robusto, Battista had ordered his son to listen very carefully to what Robusto had to say, but under no circumstances was he allowed to answer him. Robusto sat down and told Donato what he had in mind. How he had seen Donato at the church and fallen in love with him instantly, how he had suffered sleepless nights because of him, and how he longed to hold Donato in his arms.

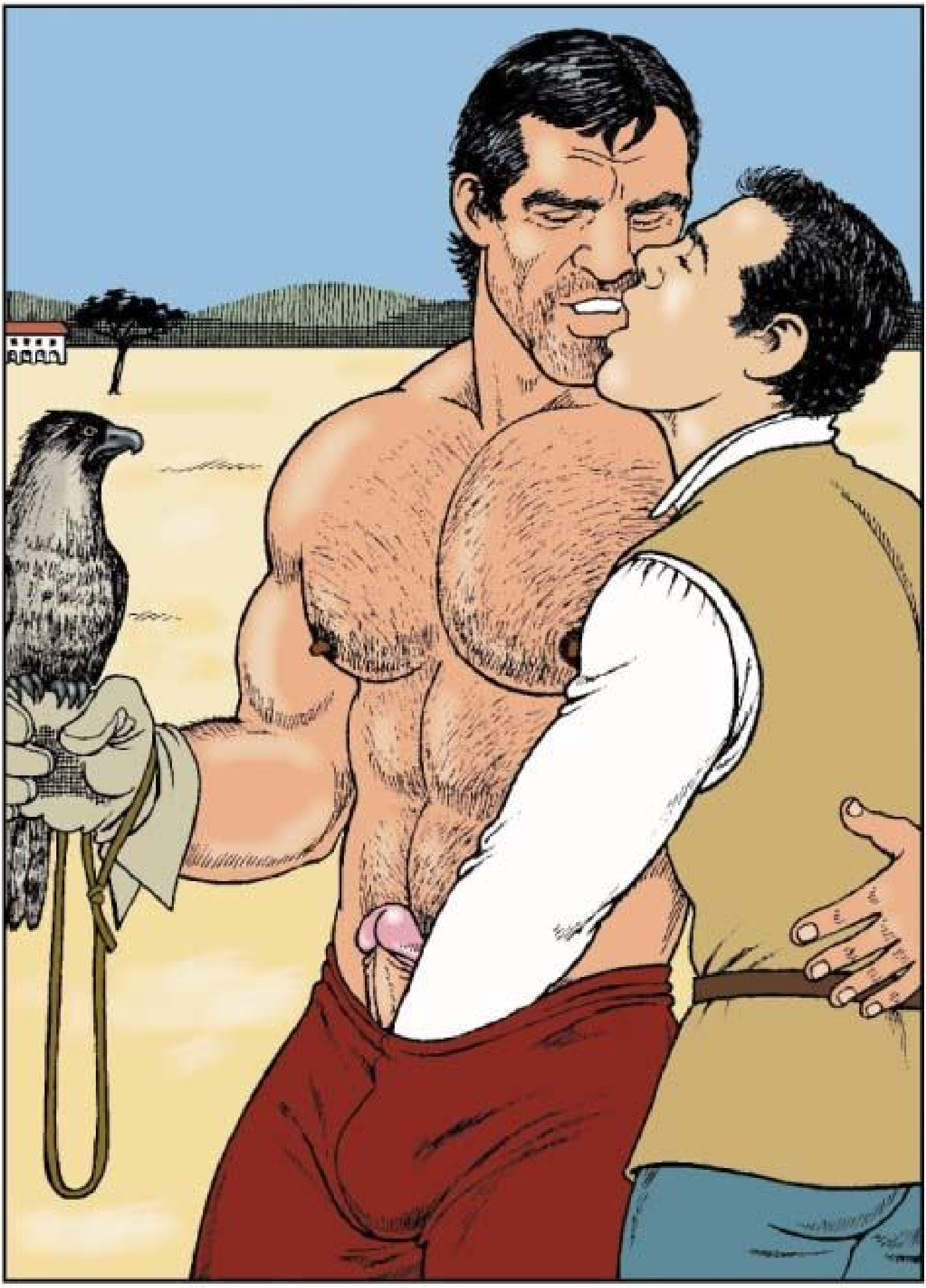
Robusto was a handsome man with strong masculine features and a hansomely built body. His blazing eyes followed Donato´s every movement and it would have been impossible for Donato not to pay attention to him. In fact Donato had not only paid attention to him but also admired him secretly. What Robusto had told him moved Donato deeply, but knowing that his father had eyes everywhere, he didn´t dare say anything. Robusto soon realized how he had been fooled, but it was not before Donato turned to look at him that Robusto understood the simple truth. Donato loved him as much as he loved Donato, no matter what tricks his father played on him.

Euphoric, Robusto said that he was never going to love anybody else and he would wait for Donato as long as it takes. He then thanked Donato for listening and left the house. Although nothing but passionate looks had been exchanged during the visit, Robusto was happy beyond belief on his way back home.

Months went by without Robusto seeing even a glimpse of Donato, but he wasn´t unhappy. Deep inside he knew that Donato loved him and missed him terribly. But Battista´s avarice knew no bounds. After getting Robusto´s horse he now wanted his hawk as well. He wanted it so much that he would have given his right arm for it and worried himself sick how to get it. At last he really became ill, but he saw his illness as a means to get what he wanted. He sent Donato to see Robusto and tell him that his father was seriously ill. The only way to delight him and get him well again was to give him Robusto´s hawk. If he didn´t get it soon he was surely going to die. Donato was to submit himself to Robusto and let him do with him anything he wanted provided that Donato got the hawk. When he heard his father´s orders, Donato became furious, but he had to do what Battista asked all the same.

When Donato approached Robusto´s house, he saw him training his hawk in the field. The sun glistened on Robusto´s bulging muscles and he looked like Apollo himself. When Robusto noticed Donato, he ran to meet him with a radiant smile. "I´m afraid I have bad news," Donato said, looking at his feet. "Daddy is seriously ill and wants to get your hawk. He seems to think that if he gets the bird, he will become healthy again. He knows that you don´t care about money or land and therefore he sent me. You can do whatever you want with me if only you give me your hawk." Robusto was speechless for a while, but then he gave his hawk to Donato and said, "You can have my hawk. To you I would have given it gladly if you ever had asked for it. Go home now, Donato. I don´t want to have you like this. I despise you father for what he has done to you, but I respect you even more for what you did. Considering his health more important than your own happiness is very noble and generous. Go now and don´t forget that I love you more every day."

When Donato heard his words, he raised his eyes and looked at Robusto. "I´m not that unselfish. I love you and I would do anything to be with you. If Daddy´s endless avarice provides us a means to be happy even for one night, it´s still worth it," he said and wrapped his arms around Robusto´s muscular body and buried his face into his furry chest. Robusto was suddenly filled with great happiness, and holding him in a tight hug, he gave Donato a passionate kiss. Arms around each other´s shoulders, they slowly walked to Robusto´s house.



In bed that night their love got its fullfilment and their huge hunger for each other was satisfied, but not ended. Gently Robusto copped Donato´s cherry and aroused a lust that only his cock could satisfy. Donato learned wonderful things in Robusto´s strong arms, and when they finally fell asleep, Donato knew that he could never live without Robusto anymore.

Early in the morning Robusto escorted Donato back home. Not knowing when they would be able to see again they kissed and hugged each other passionately before Donato went in with the hawk on his arm. Donato hurried straight into the kitchen and ordered a roasted patridge for his father´s breakfast and hid the hawk in his own room.

When Battista woke up he was hungry as usual and greeted the roasted bird that the servant brought to him with great enthusiasm. "I think I´m going to get better now," he said after he had finished his meal and sent his servant to find his son. As Donato entered the room he said, "How was your breakfast, Papa? Did you enjoy the roasted hawk I brought to you?" Convinced that he had unknowingly eaten the priceless bird, shocked Battista grabbed his chest and lost consciousness. He was already dead before Donato reached the bed. Battista´s greediness had finally killed him, and although Donato wasn´t delighted by his death, he wasn´t mourning either.

Donato was the sole heir of his father´s estate and other property. As soon as the arrangements for Battista´s burial were made, Donato rushed to meet his lover. Their reunion was passionate and time and time again Robusto´s smelting cock filled Donato´s faultless mould with the molten essence of his manhood. With ceaseless energy they made love all night and forgot everything else.

After Battista´s funeral, Donato moved into Robusto´s house and returned the horse and the hawk to him. Donato´s mother lived in Battista´s house until the end of her days, but the estate was joined to Robusto´s land. Together Donato and Robusto took care of their property and you know now the reason why there is a hawk and a horse in the coat of arms of the Bastiani family even today."

Battista´s greediness aroused a lot of speculations about the rich men in general and their immorality in particular. Since Gerbino had served some rich families in his youth and had a lot of knowledge on the subject, he was unanimously elected as the new king. They then sat down and enjoyed the food Bruno had ordered for them.

Piero had caught Gerbino´s eye right from the start. Hard work in the smithy had shaped his body, and in Gerbino´s eyes Piero was a perfect example of male beauty. Gerbino was totally unaware of his own masculine attractiveness and that added to his charm tremendously. In his fifties Gerbino was a mature man in his prime who made quite a few boys´ heart beat faster, Piero among them. When Gerbino shoved his big hairy hand inside Piero´s tight pants and fondled his stiff cock, Piero held his breath out of sheer excitement.

Gerbino pushed back Piero´s soft pliable foreskin and fondled the plump head of his phallus until the boy turned restless. "I want to fuck you till your eyes are rolling in their sockets," he whispered, and Piero felt how hot precum escaped from the pouting slit at the tip of his rock hard cock. Gerbino lubed the bloated knob of Piero´s cock with that, and every touch of his fingers sent hot vibrations through the body of the ecstatic boy. Not surprisingly they were among the first to leave the company, but the last to actually sleep that night. When Piero opened his legs for him, the normally calm and collected Gerbino turned into a raving maniac. With fierce thrusts he forced his throbbing cock inside the trembling boy and fucked him like a man possessed. His eyes were ablaze and his heavy breathing intense while his hairy ass flexed and relaxed in the frantic pace of his vigorous fucking.

He clutched Piero´s smooth buns in both hands and forcefully fucked him deep and hard until Piero´s body tensed to an arch and his gasping mouth was wide open as the violent spasms started. The explosive orgasm hit him with force, and twitching and convulsing in Gerbino´s strong embrace, Piero shot his load. Never leaving Piero´s hot hole, Gerbino´s massive cock guided the ecstatic boy from one orgasm to another before it blasted its hot juice inside him. Gerbino stretched out beside the euphoric boy and in awe Piero watched Gerbino´s prominent cock. Like a drunk man it jerked and swayed dribbling and slobbering cum until it bowed its heavy head against Gerbino´s furry belly to rest for a while.

"Two friends, Enrico Castiglione and Uberto Barberino, live on the same street in Genoa," Gerbino started his story the following day. "Enrico is a carpenter and Uberto is a coppersmith. They have been friends all their lives and spend a lot of time with each other. Enrico is a big burly man with a handsome face and a hairy body to match. Uberto is also a brawny man with massive pecs covered with dark swirling hair. Enrico has a young assistant named Gennino whose duties include the warming of his master´s bed. Uberto has also an assistant, Cino, who regularly eases Uberto´s tensions with his beautiful ass. To make things a bit more complicated, I have to confess that the two rogues, Enrico and Uberto, frequently had sex with other boys too.

Gennino thought that Enrico had badly neglected him lately and began to flirt with a husky man who lived on the same street. Also Cino considered that Uberto spent too much time out and began to flirt with a young costermonger who had a crush on him. You all know how these things go; sooner or later the game turns into a real thing. One day when Enrico was out, lusty Gennino let the young man into the house and had sex with him. His name was Leandro, and what he lacked in skill he more than made up with his hot enthusiasm. It soon turned into a regular thing, and each time Enrico left the house, Leandro came in. Outside Enrico´s house there was a sign of his workshop. Each time Enrico was expected to be out of the house for any longer period of time, Gennino turned the sign upside down. This was a sign for Leandro that the coast was clear, and he was never slow to exploit the opportunity.

One night Leandro was returning home late when he noticed that the sign of Enrico´s workshop was upside down and delighted at his good luck, he knocked at the door with some urgency. Gennino was in bed with Enrico and in the middle of the act when they heard some hectic knocking. "What was that?" Enrico asked and interrupted his activities. Gennino recognized Leandro´s knocking and said, "I don´t know, but I´m scared. I have heard strange knockings like that lately when you have been out. I think it is a ghost trying to scare us out of the house."

"Nonsense," Enrico said and got out of the bed when the intense knocking started again. He lit a candle and put on his nightshirt. "Don´t leave me, Enrico, I´m scared," Gennino pleaded and rushed after him. On their way downstairs Gennino started to conjure the ghost with a high-pitched voice. "Go away who ever you are. Get out of this house, you restless soul. Disappear into the dark shadows where you came from and don´t return. There is nothing for you in here."

Leandro recoqnized Gennino´s voice and understanding that something was wrong, he disappeared into the night. Enrico opened the door and saw that the street was empty; not a soul in sight. He didn´t believe in ghosts, but he had no reason to suspect Gennino of foul play either.

Cino was equally skillful in fooling Uberto. One day his lover, the costermonger called Silvio, was furiously fucking a euphoric Cino when Uberto unexpectedly returned. Cino quickly ushered Silvio into a big wardrobe and asked him to get dressed. He then rushed downstairs to meet Uberto. "Did you see him? Is he still here?" Cino asked with an expression of horror on his face. "Did I see who? Who is supposed to be here?" Uberto asked. "After you left the young costermonger who has his stall on the corner rushed in exhausted and begged me to hide him quickly. Somebody was chasing him to kill him and I hid him in the big wardrobe. Then a raving lunatic stormed in and threathened to kill me if I didn´t tell him where the costermonger was. I ran upstairs and locked myself in the bedroom. The raging madman tried to smash the door and get in. After a while he got tired, but I didn´t dare come out until I heard your voice," Cino said trembling out of fear.

He was so convincing that Uberto went upstairs and let Silvio out.
"You can come out now. The lunatic has left and there´s nothing to be afraid of anymore." Uberto even escorted Silvio back to his stall and checked that there was nobody suspicious around.

It is said that somebody turned the sign of Enrico´s workshop on purpose or that Gennino had simply forgotten to turn it back. Be that as it may, Gennino and Cino cheated their masters succesfully for a considerable time. Then one day, Enrico and Uberto went into a tavern and the waiter, who had a crush on Enrico, told him what Gennino was doing behind his back. Furious, Enrico left with Uberto and together they sneaked back into Enrico´s house.

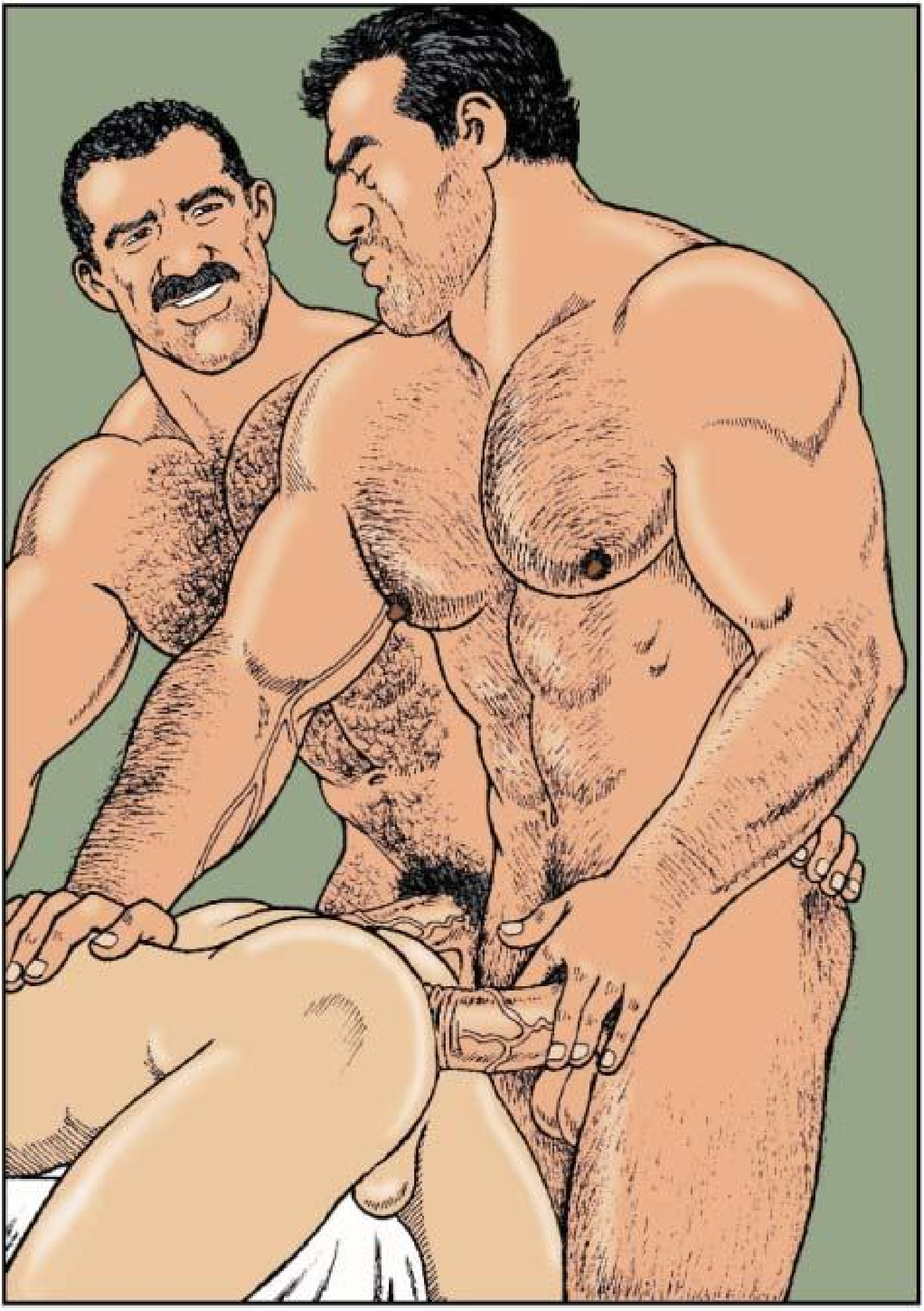
When Uberto and Enrico went to the tavern together they never returned before midnight, and Gennino had rushed out to turn the sign as soon as they had left. It didn´t take long for Leandro to notice that and to hurry to meet his lover. Leandro soon pounded Gennino´s smooth ass with his hefty cock, and in their frantic frenzy they were both blind and deaf to the world outside. They were totally dumbfounded when Enrico and Uberto burst in and caught them red-handed.

"So this is what you are doing behind my back," Enrico roared in fury. I think that you two are in need of a good spanking, right, Uberto?" Enrico asked. "Why don´t you teach some manners to our guest here. I shall take care that this dirty little slut of mine is unable to use his pussy for a while," he said and grabbed naked Gennino in his arms. He forced the nude wriggling boy across his legs and hit Gennino´s bubble butt with his big hard hand over and over again while Uberto pulled a resisting Leandro onto his lap and gave his trembling ass a fierce slapping. They didn´t save their efforts in teaching the deceitful boys what was right and what was wrong. When their asses were bright red, sore and aching, the exhausted boys were forced onto all fours, and while Uberto shoved his big fat cock inside the wailing Gennino, Enrico penetrated Leandro´s smarting ass with his sturdy weapon.

Side by side the two friends plowed the thrashed butts of the howling boys. Their deep penetrating thrusts were so hard and forceful that the boys couldn´t say which was worse, to get flogged by their heavy hands or by their rock-hard cocks. It looked as if there had been a competition going on between their tormentors about who made his partner suffer the most. Side by side the competitors arrived home straight, and spurring their rampant cocks furiously, they shot their loads of gooey cum almost simultaneously.

After Uberto had left, Cino also gave a sign to his lover, who immediately closed his stall and hurried to Uberto´s house. In no time they were buck naked and Cino sucked Silvio´s turgid cock with ferocious avidity. Silvio then fucked Cino slowly and teasingly. His sturdy cock grazed Cino´s inflamed prostate prolonging his excitement as long as he possibly could without allowing the moaning boy to reach his climax. When the inevitable finally happened, the orgasm was so stunning that it took them a long time to recover.

That was the moment when Uberto returned home, and in frenzy Cino ushered Silvio into the wardrobe again. He hurried downstairs and since a first attack is supposed to be the best defense, Cino blamed Uberto for his loose manners. "Here I have been waiting for you all evening while you are fooling around all over the town." Uberto explained what had happened and how they had caught Gennino and Leandro red-handed having sex in Enrico´s bed. "I had to help Enrico punish them and that´s why I´m so late," Uberto said giving Cino a kiss. "I always knew that Gennino was a tramp! After what those bastards did, they deserved everything they got," Cino exclaimed sanctimoniously. Just then there was a loud sneeze coming from upstairs. With a few strong leaps Uberto was there and found naked Silvio squatting in the wardrobe. "I´ll be damned if this isn´t the poor refugee who was chased by a madman. Oh my! You are going to meet a real lunatic before I´m through with you," Uberto said and locked the wardrobe.



Cino stood by the door with drooping head, waiting for his punishment. "Why did you do this?" Uberto asked in cold fury. "Because you are never here with me. It´s all very well for you to fool around while I´m supposed to stay here and wait. It´s time for you to realize that if you don´t have sex with me, somebody else will," Cino said, and Uberto had to admit that what he said was true. "I´m not blaming you so much for having sex with somebody else, but for your hypocrisy. You had the nerve to call Gennino a tramp while you knew very well that you are a flaming slut yourself. I shall punish you for that," Uberto said throwing Cino on the bed and tying his hands and legs to the bedposts with curtain cords. He unbuckled his belt and gave Cino a thorough thrashing. Uberto hit Cino´s trembling butt over and over again, and his big cock turned hard as bone out of excitement when he saw Cino´s butt flexing and relaxing under his fierce attacks. He then pulled down his pants and skewered the sobbing boy with his massive weapon.

Pulling out almost every inch of his robust rod, Uberto slammed it back with force and made Cino whine in agony. Urbino´s hairy belly rubbed Cino´s raw buttocks with fast increasing velocity and his big heavy balls hit the boy´s aching butt like a sledge hammer. Uberto´s fuck strokes were deliberately rough and hard, but he soon lost all control and stabbed Cino´s unprotected butt ferociously with his huge throbbing cock. His breathing was laborious and irregular when he started to spurt and blasted his load of scalding cum into the crimson butt of shocked Cino. He then released the boy and forced him inside the wardrobe with Silvio.

Uberto locked Cino and Silvio into the wardrobe while he considered what to do with them. He fell asleep but woke up abruptly when Enrico banged his door. Uberto let his friend in and told him what had happened in his house. The cheating of their lovers badly hurt their vanity, but to be called a cuckold was even worse and they decided to swallow their vexation. To fool the nosy neighbors Enrico forced Leandro to have sex with him in an open window early next morning. Uberto also took care that there were witnesses when he fucked Silvio against the back door at dawn. You may call them sly foxes, but above all else, Enrico and Uberto are cocksmen par excellance. It didn´t take long for Leandro and Silvio to notice that too, and their ecstatic moans added some bright new feathers to Enrico´s and Uberto´s hats.

All is well that ends well. The cock-crazy Leandro and Silvio hang around their new lovers all the time and Gennino and Cino got unexpected competition from them. The nosy neighbors shake their heads saying that they knew right from the start what these boys were looking for. Nowadays Gennino and Cino do their best to keep their masters happy, and guess what? I think they are very happy."

TO BE CONTINUED..... .....

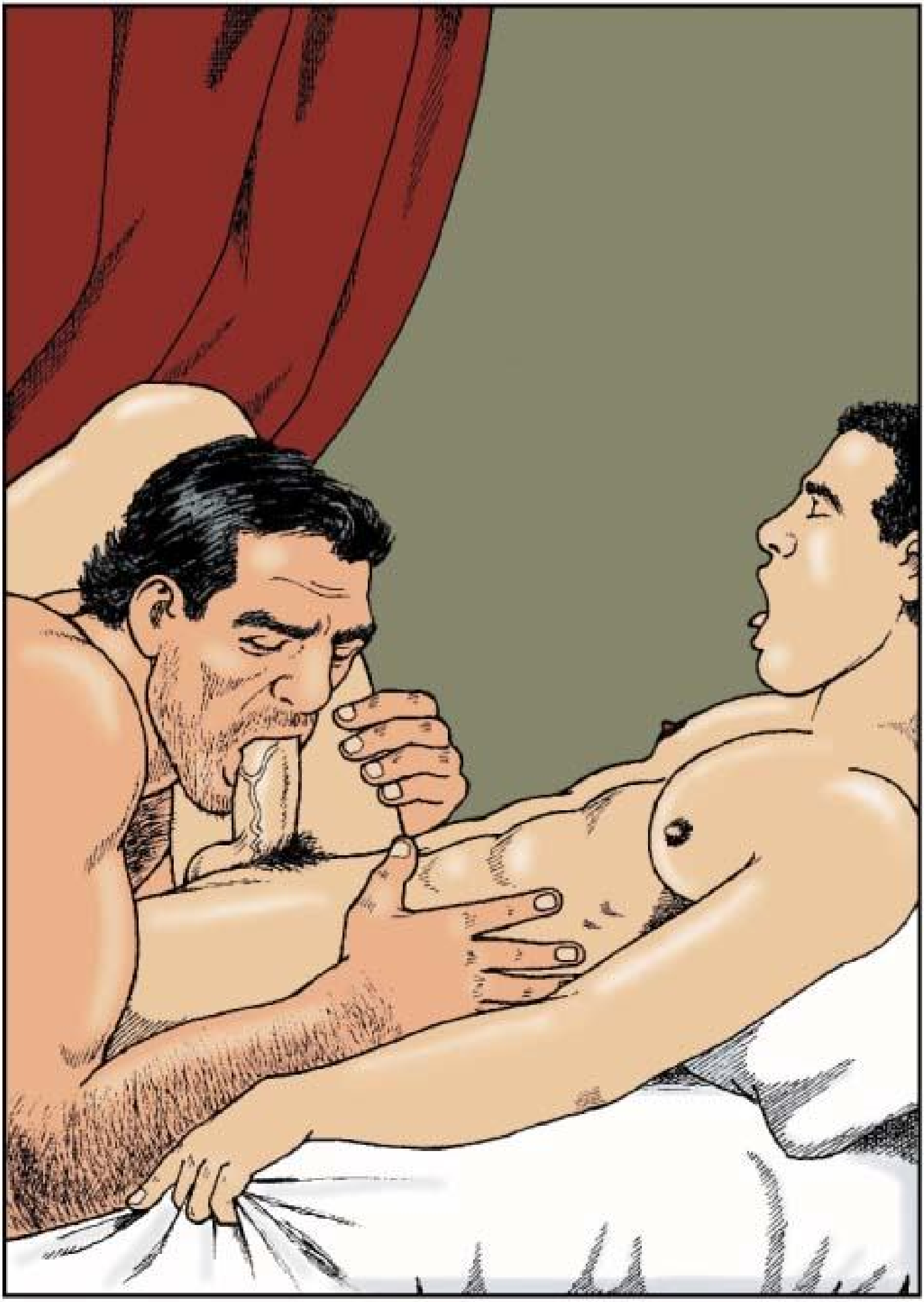
Chapter Ten

Gerbino´s story amused his audience and the food he served them pleased them very much. Alfio sucked a thick asparagus stalk so expressively that he was chosen to be the next king.

Alfio was a big beefy man with the body of a wrestler. Paolo couldn't believe his good luck when he managed to get a seat next to him. He desperately tried to find something to say to catch Alfio´s attention when he realized that he already had managed to do that. Alfio´s eyes were fixed between Paolo's legs, and when the boy accidentally-on-purpose fondled his bulging crotch, Alfio´s eyes intently followed his every movement. "Let me see it," Alfio said with a muffled voice. Blushing, Paolo opened his fly, and when his erect cock bounced into full view, Alfio´s eyes widened. With a sharp hissing sound he drew air through his clenched teeth. "Some mighty impressive piece of meat you've got there, boy. My God, it is beautiful. Do you mind if I give it a kiss?" he whispered. Without waiting for an answer Alfio bowed down and sucked Paolo's throbbing cock into his hot mouth. Paolo closed his eyes and fondled Alfio´s strong neck. He buried his fingers in Alfio´s thick hair while the man fondly licked Paolo's rock-hard cock with his wet tongue. The hunky mature man eating his crotch was a sight that aroused Paolo enormously, and when Alfio´s stubbly chin rubbed his aching balls, Paolo was so excited that he popped his nuts in no time. Alfio sucked and licked Paolo's creamy cum into his mouth and then rose up again. Pulling the boy under his arm, Alfio kissed him and forced Paolo to swallow his own cum. While their tongues lapped the thick juice, Paolo's cock turned hard again and had Alfio not carried him upstairs, he might have exploded without anybody touching his pride and joy.

Within a few days Paolo's dick was so addicted to Alfio´s mouth that he couldn't even kiss him without getting a throbbing hard-on instantly. Alfio´s sturdy cock inside him gave Paolo intense pleasure, but Alfio´s hot mouth gave him stunning orgasms unrivaled by anything he had experienced before.

"Dear friends," Alfio started his story the very next day. "Some years ago two journeymen blacksmiths, Benozzo and Edigio, spent the summer going from one village to another and earning their living by working on their way. They are both friends of mine and let me assure you that you have never met as ardent cocksmen as these two rascals. They are both mature men in their prime, handsome and incredibly virile. Wherever they go they always find somebody in desperate need of a cock and they are always willing to help the needy. Crossing the mountains on their way to Bologna, they spent days without seeing a single soul, though. When they finally saw a solitary house, they were in urgent need of food and shelter. The owner of the house was Ignazio Vergellesi, a sheep farmer who - aided by his two sons, Agostino and Giorgio - grazed his flock of sheep on the mountains. Ignazio kept his sons under strict control, and for his lively boys the life in the mountains was monotonous and dreary. Therefore they were more than delighted to see the strangers and rushed out to meet them. Ignazio watched them carefully as they approached the cottage, but he too was delighted by their visit in his own way. To him the tourists meant money. Although the ancient rules of hospitality prevailed in the mountains, Ignazio was a miser who never gave food or shelter without pay, claiming that he was far too poor to be hospitable. This he explained to Benozzo and Edigio also, and after some negotiations they gave him money and were taken into the cozy warmth of the cottage.

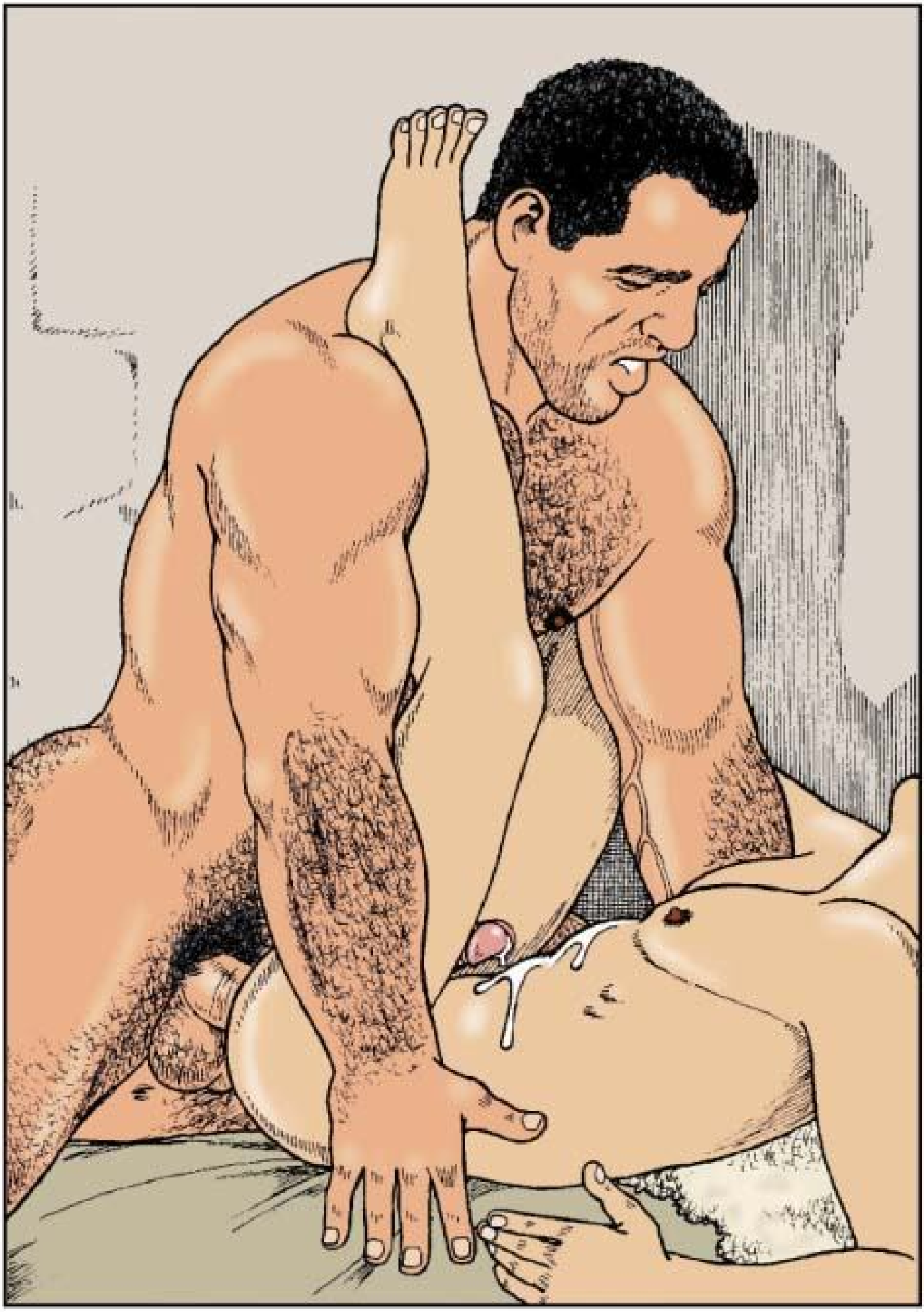


The table was set, and their dinner consisted of freshly baked bread, home-made cheese, tasty tomatoes with fine olive oil and fragrant basil. Since even the wine was excellent it is no wonder that after the meal Benozzo and Edigio were refreshed and content, and just in the right mood for a good wholesome fucking.

During dinner Agostino´s bare leg constantly touched Benozzo´s hairy leg and he was sure that the boy did it deliberately. Edigio had also pressed his muscular thigh against Giorgio's thigh and to his delight the boy didn't move his leg one bit. There was a lot of excitement in the air when Ignazio said that it was time to go to bed. There were only three beds in the cottage and Ignazio gave the largest bed to Benozzo and Edigio, sharing his own bed with Giorgio. With unmasked interest Benozzo watched as Agostino stripped off his pants and climbed into his bed. Benozzo then took off his shirt and Agostino didn't even try to hide his interest in Benozzo´s bulging muscles. When Edigio pulled off his shirt, Giorgio was so mesmerized by his beautifully built body that he unknowingly revealed to Edigio´s hungry eyes all the lusty man wanted to know. When Ignazio blew out the candle, Edigio fondled his erect cock under the blanket and tried to figure out how he could get it between Giorgio's delicious buns. Also Benozzo had a massive hard-on and was determined to get into Agostino´s bed as soon as Ignazio was fast asleep.

Agostino´s bed was closest to the door and Ignazio´s bed was in the middle with a big chest at the foot. As soon as Benozzo heard Ignazio snoring, he slipped out of the bed and sneaked beside Agostino. Agostino woke up when he felt Benozzo´s nude body against his back, but Benozzo quickly covered the mouth of the startled boy with his big hand and held him in a tight hug. "For Christ's sake, be quiet," he whispered in Agostino´s ear and released his hold when the boy relaxed. Agostino turned to face his lover and when their throbbing cocks touched each other, Benozzo gave him a long and passionate kiss. Agostino fondled his wet tongue with his own and wrapped his arms around Benozzo´s strong neck in an unconditional surrender. The fact that he had to penetrate the submissive boy noiselessly increased Benozzo´s excitement greatly. When he mounted Agostino and shoved his big fat cock inside the trembling boy, Benozzo covered his mouth with his own. Agostino clutched Benozzo´s hairy ass in his hands and forced his beefy pole inside him all the way while eating the man's stubbly face ravenously. With their madly pounding pulses they waited for a while frozen in a solid embrace, but all they could hear was Ignazio´s steady snoring. Cautiously Benozzo then began to fuck Agostino and his fuck strokes were smooth and steady. Like calmly rising waves his hairy buttocks ascended and descended with easy regularity and forced his turgid cock back and forth in Agostino´s tight hole. The deceiving easiness of Benozzo´s movements hid the deepness of his penetration and the smooth rolling motion kept the fucking noises minimal.

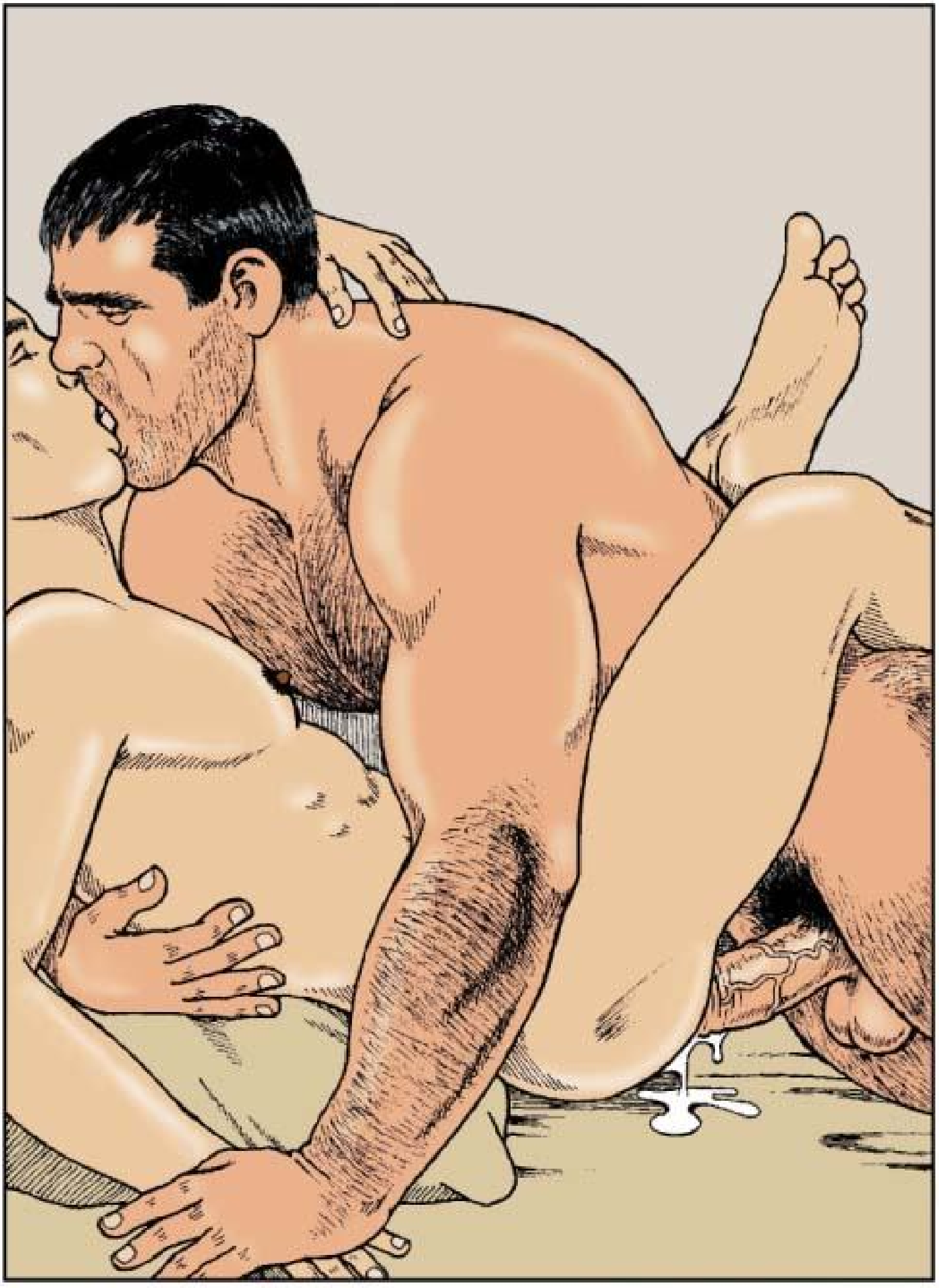
With the irresistible regularity of a surging sea Benozzo´s rock-hard cock hit Agostino´s inflamed prostate time after time and grazed it like an ocean grazes the pebbles on the shore. Agostino´s breathing turned laborious and burying his fingers into Benozzo´s muscular back he fastened his body against the heaving man when the violent spasms started. He buried his teeth into Benozzo´s hefty shoulder and tensed his body like a bow. Shaking all over in a violent orgasm Agostino then shot his load. Holding the ecstatic boy in his arms, Benozzo reached climax and blasted a huge load of creamy cum. Volley after volley of his hot semen cascaded into Agostino´s gripping ass while the delirious boy kissed his lover passionately.



Holding his breath, Edigio listened to their love-making, and his cock throbbed with lust long after they had finished. He then heard somebody stumble on the chest on his way out. When the door was opened, Edigio saw that it was Giorgio. The boy had too much wine with his dinner and woke up to an urgent call. Edigio quickly stepped out of his bed and noiselessly moved the chest at the foot of his own bed. When Giorgio returned, he had to feel his way in the pitch darkness. As Edigio had guessed, Giorgio located the right bed by the chest, and, half-asleep he climbed beside eagerly awaiting Edigio. He woke up fully when Edigio pulled him in his arms and kissed him. Giorgio was a virgin and he was shocked to find himself nude in the arms of a nude stranger. He tried to free himself, but Edigio had no intention of letting him go. Holding the wriggling boy in a tight embrace he kissed Giorgio's neck and whispered, "Don't fight back. I know that you want this as much as I do. Your Daddy is fast asleep, and if you keep your mouth shut, I shall take you to Paradise and back without his being any the wiser."

The touch of Edigio´s nude body and his big gentle hands strangely excited Giorgio. His resistance weakened and after a few toe-curling kisses the lusty boy melted in Edigio´s strong hands. Giorgio hardly noticed when Edigio opened his crack and gave some intrusive probes to his tight sphincter with his big finger. Edigio then thrust it inside him to the third knuckle and gently stroked his tight chute. The alarmed boy soon relaxed when Edigio began to graze Giorgio's prostate with his deeper and deeper penetrating finger. Giorgio was soon so excited that Edigio had no difficulty in getting two more fingers inside the heavily heaving boy. He stretched Giorgio's tight sphincter with his fingers and cautiously guided the bulbous corona of his mighty cock past the narrow gate. When Giorgio felt the big knob inside him, he panicked, but Edigio held him in a tight hug and whispered soothing words into his ear. While passionately kissing the stressed boy, Edigio shoved his throbbing cock inside him with a few vigorous thrusts. In vain Giorgio tried to free himself when Edigio´s sturdy cock glided inside him, but Edigio´s intense kisses turned his protests into muffled moans. To his amazement Giorgio soon got used to the big throbbing monster inside him so much that when Edigio started to move his massive member back and forth inside the trembling Giorgio, he was afraid that Edigio was about to pull it out completely. His fears were soon over when the robust rod stroked his prostate with intense gusto and his very first orgasm was only a few strokes away Benozzo and Agostino heard the muffled sounds of Giorgio's ecstasy while Edigio busted his cherry, and in heat Benozzo soon impaled Agostino again with his insatiable cock.

After having fucked Agostino several times, Benozzo finally let the delirious boy get some sleep. Also Benozzo oriented himself according to the chest, and after having checked that there was no chest at the foot of the bed, Benozzo climbed in, and accidentally ended up beside Ignazio. Ignazio woke up instantly and Benozzo was too triumphant to hide his success. When he realized that his partner, whom he presumed to be Edigio, was also awake, he told him everything. "That boy has a butt worth its weight in gold. I fucked him over and over again and yet my cock turns hard instantly when I even think about that little gold mine," Benozzo whispered confidentially.



Furious, Ignazio sat up and began to yell and scream. "You bastard! What have you done to my son? If you have molested my innocent son, I will kill you, you son of a bitch, as sure as my name is Ignazio Vergellesi!" he bellowed trying to get out of his bed.

Agostino and Giorgio were smart boys, and as soon as they realized what had happened, Giorgio rushed into Agostino´s bed. "Stop the fighting and let us sleep," Agostino shouted. "You had too much wine with your dinner and therefore you are imagining things that never happened," he said. Finally Ignazio lighted a candle and realized that Giorgio was indeed sleeping soundly in Agostino´s bed.

"What's going on? What the devil are you doing in Signor Vergellesi´s bed, Benozzo?" Edigio said pretending that he had woken up to the uproar. "I apologize for the disturbance, but my friend is a sleepwalker, and he must have gone into your bed by mistake. Don't pay any attention to his words. In that condition he frequently babbles all kind of rubbish," Edigio said and commanded Benozzo to return to his bed. Obediently, Benozzo walked to his bed and appeared to fall asleep instantly.

Ignazio had no reason to suspect Edigio´s explanation and his annoyance soon dissolved. He actually found the situation so funny that he told stories about the incident long afterwards.

Benozzo and Edigio continued their journey in the morning, and Ignazio even let his sons escort them to the pass. Little did he know that as soon as they were out of sight, Benozzo and Edigio guided their escorts off the trail and their ecstatic moans soon echoed in the Alpine meadow. Amidst the fragrant herbs and grasses their hairy asses worked in unison while Benozzo and Edigio fucked their euphoric escorts with immense gusto.

On their return trip Benozzo and Edigio revisited Ignazio´s cottage and they were very well received. Wisened by the previous experience, Ignazio ordered Agostino to share Benozzo´s bed and take care that the sleepwalker remained there. I'm glad to say that he took care of that admirably and not once did Benozzo leave his bed that night. Had he been awake, Ignazio might have been worried for his younger son, though. Giorgio had several severe spells of sleepwalking that night and he moved from his bed to Edigio´s bed and back again all the time.

Just recently I heard that Benozzo and Edigio were so fascinated by the scenery that they founded a smithy in the village where the Vergellesi family live, and that Agostino and Giorgio practically live in the smithy. Ignazio has nothing against that because he knows that his boys are in good hands and might even learn a thing or two, which I think is a gross understatement. Knowing my friends, I'm sure that by now Agostino and Giorgio have become experts in the softening of hard objects, and in their own hot forges even the hardest of tools fuse," Alfio finished his story.

It was the general view that a sleepwalker should never be disturbed, especially if he has a sturdy erection. Alfio´s story caused a lot of merriment and happily they enjoyed the food he had ordered for them.. The next king was not elected since only Gerardo had not yet participated in the storytelling, but he was famous for his amusing stories.

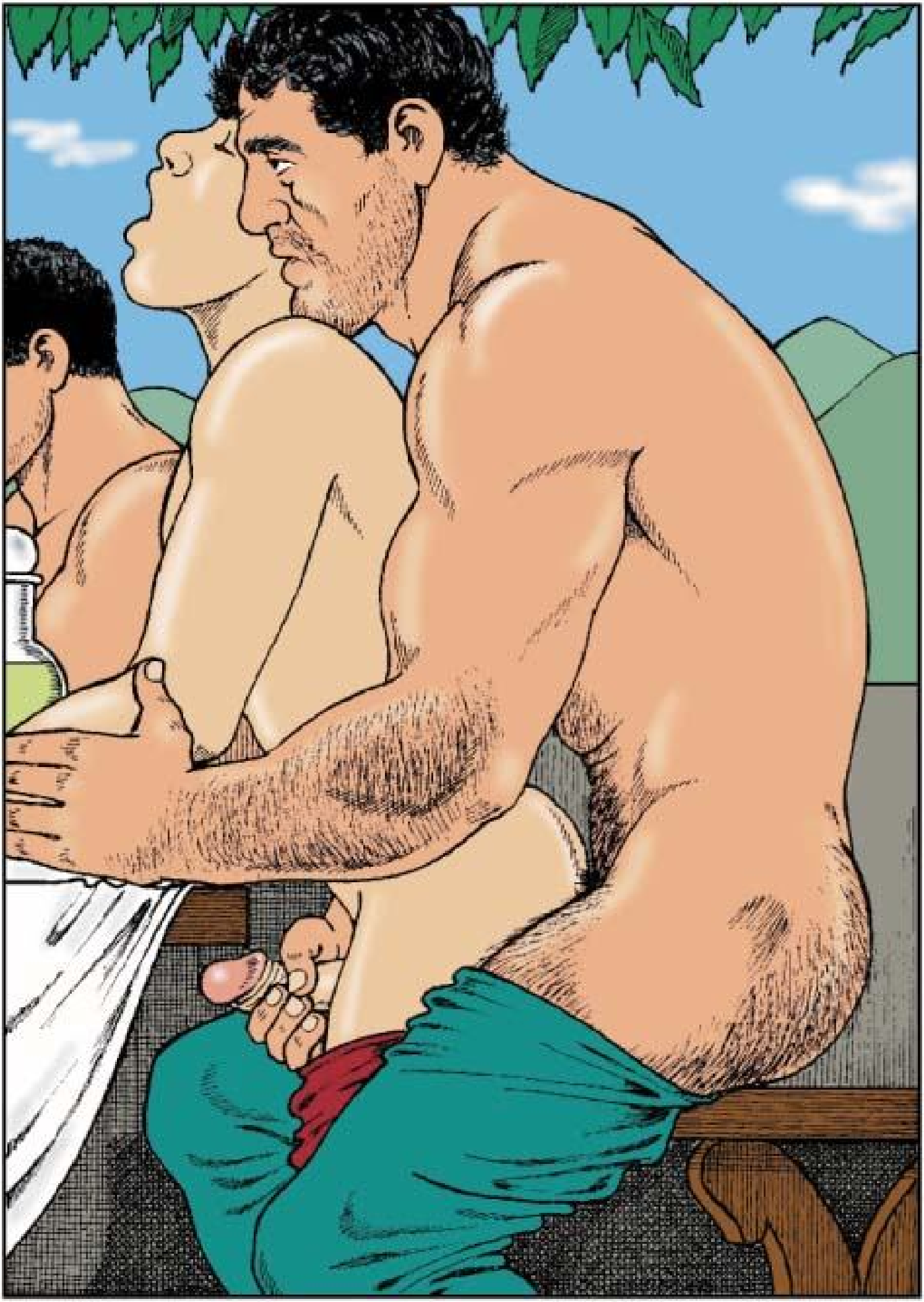
Although Gianotto was a handsome youth, Gerardo hadn't perhaps chosen him as his lover. Gerardo was an energetic and virile man strangely attracted to girlish boys and Gianotto was nothing of the sort, but his openness and his unpretentious charm soon aroused Gerardo's curiosity. When Gianotto leaned forward to take some bread, Gerardo gazed at his beautifully curved bubble butt and couldn't resist touching his smooth buns. Gianotto dropped the bread in Gerardo's lap and excusing himself, he shoved his hand into Gerardo's bulging crotch, only he didn't even try to catch the bread. His fingers fondled Gerardo's heavy balls and his palm rubbed the man's fast expanding cock.

"Beautiful equipment. I hope you keep it well oiled, Sir," Gianotto murmured and Gerardo's cock turned rock-hard. When Gianotto leaned forward to get another piece of bread, Gerardo slipped his big hand inside Gianotto´s tight pants and fondled his strong sphincter with his finger. Gianotto froze for a while and then sat on Gerardo's hand as if nothing had happened. Gerardo forced his big finger through Gianotto´s gripping sphincter and grazed his tight chute. "Nice piece off ass. I hope you keep it well oiled, boy," Gerardo said and they both burst in laughter. Gianotto unnoticeably pulled down his pants and allowed Gerardo's fingers to work inside his hot channel. With his quick fingers Gianotto opened Gerardo's fly and released his big throbbing cock. He rubbed some olive oil on his hand and massaged Gerardo's hefty cock with it. It all happened very quickly and because there was some heated debate going on nobody paid any attention to their activities. Gianotto then sat on Gerardo's lap and apart from Gerardo's unusual ruddiness, it all looked quite innocent and spontaneous.

Gerardo's face turned even darker and the big veins bulged out on his sweaty forehead when his pulsating cock glided inside Gianotto to the hilt and Gianotto´s strong sphincter massaged it so deliciously that all Gerardo could do was to lean back and let the lusty boy take care of the rest.

As you know, Gianotto was Lorenzo's squire and used to satisfy his master's soaring lust swiftly and efficiently, but Gerardo's massive cock was a different thing. It filled Gianotto´s hot channel as if was made to measure and its beefy substantiality excited him tremendously. While Gianotto cautiously slid up and down on Gerardo's mighty column of manhood, he suddenly felt Gerardo's big hand around his jutting dick. Gerardo had smeared his hand with olive oil and stroked Gianotto´s cock under cover of the tablecloth.

"Don't move, boy. You have given my cock a feast, and I might explode any minute now. Before I do, I want to taste your cum," Gerardo murmured and began to milk Gianotto´s twitching dick with breathtaking force. Gianotto struggled against cumming, but with irresistible determination Gerardo forced the boy to a climax. When Gianotto grabbed the table with both hands and with a howling moan shot his load, Gerardo blasted his heavy gun too and his hot juices gushed inside the trembling boy. Everybody had turned to look at them, but when they realized that they had missed the climax, they soon lost interest, and Gerardo pulled his big hand from under the table. The palm of his hand was filled with Gianotto´s silvery white cum and cautiously he lifted it to his lips. He licked the thick cream into his mouth and swallowed it all.



"Something of you is now inside me and a lot of me is inside you. Our tools are meticulously oiled and in full working order. Wouldn't it be a pity not to use them for more than one volley?

Let's get out of here. I want to fuck you for good," Gerardo whispered, and he didn't have to say it twice.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

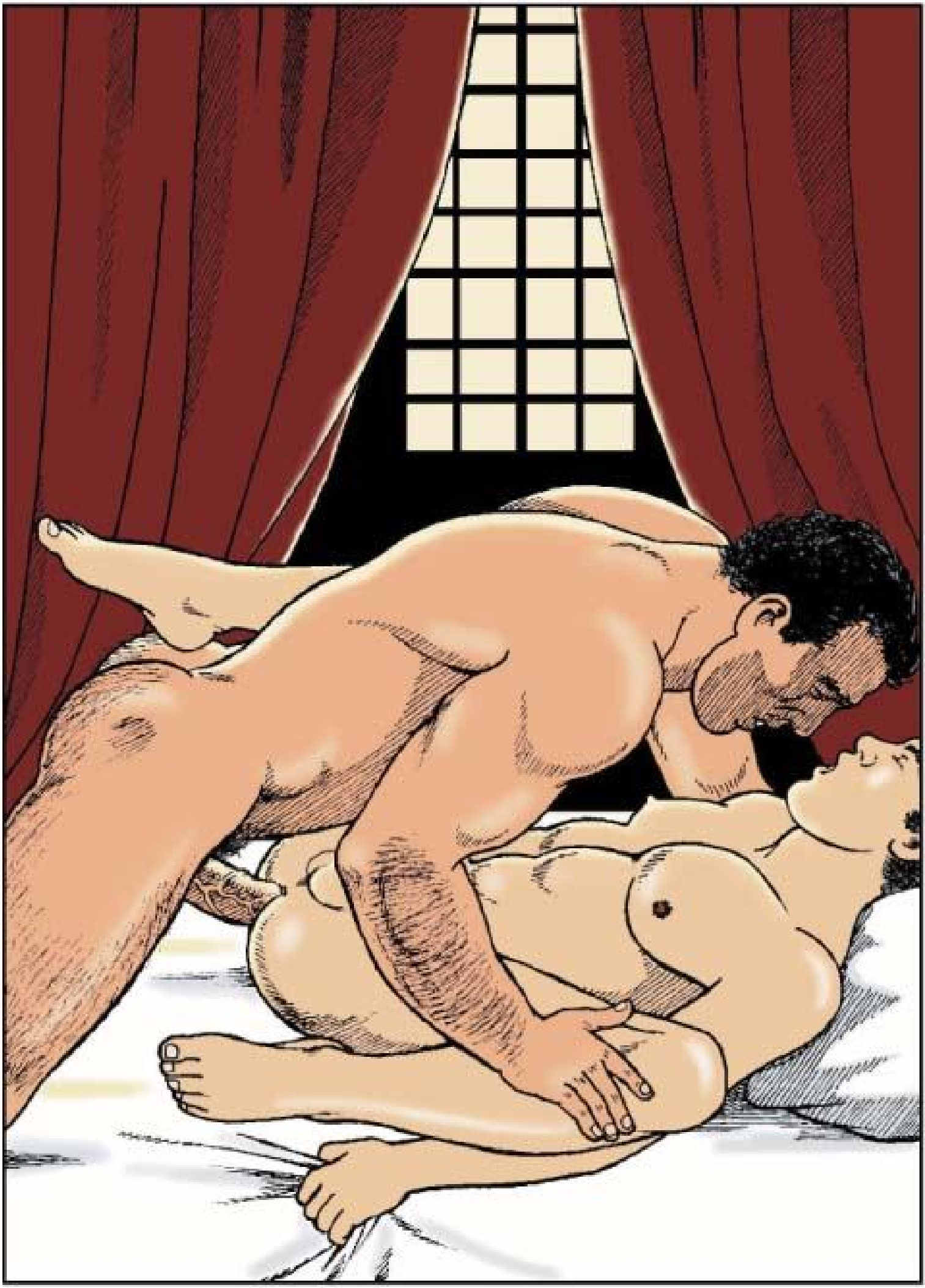
Chapter Eleven

"Dear friends," Gerardo started his story. "Not so long ago there lived a merchant in Ancona called Domenico Signorelli. He had a beautiful son, Duca, whom he loved very much. Domenico´s wife had died years ago, but he hadn't remarried and the reason for that was Duca. At first Domenico thought that his son attracted him because he reminded Domenico of his wife, but he soon realized that all he really wanted was Duca, not a reflection of her. For years he fought against his instincts, but one night there was a huge thunderstorm and, frightened, Duca climbed into his bed for safety.

As Duca pressed his smooth body against him, Domenico was hard instantly. To his amazement he noticed that Duca was hard too and fondled Domenico´s erect cock quite spontaneously. One thing led to another and before the storm was over, Domenico had taken Duca´s cherry in a frantic act that shattered him profoundly. Duca not only responded to his love-making eagerly, but his excitement was also so intense that Domenico strained his every nerve to satisfy his lusty son. The result was a whirlwind of hot desire and fierce sex that hurled them from one orgasm to another until they, drained and exhausted, collapsed in each other's arms totally unaware of the storm anymore. Ever since that night, Duca shared Domenico´s bed and made his Daddy the happiest man in Ancona.

Because of his work, Domenico traveled a lot, and one day he came to Pescara during a religious festival. The town was full of travelers and Domenico had to share a room with two other merchants, Giordano Santi and Ambrogio Barbarelli. They had dinner together in a tavern where they were served by an exceptionally beautiful boy. Giordano couldn't get his eyes off the boy even when Ambrogio told him that the boy was the lover of the tavern keeper. "I don't mind," Giordano said. "Boys are horny by nature and they can't resist a big fat cock. They are in the arms of somebody else as soon as you turn your back. Just a few days ago I even fucked the son of my best friend," Giordano said. Ambrogio asked him to tell more about it and Giordano let them hear how it had happened.

Giordano was a handsome man with a muscular body and it was easy to see that he was generously endowed too judging by his prominently bulging crotch. His friend, Marsilio, had a son, Giovanni, whom Giordano had wanted to fuck for a long time. He visited Marsilio's house frequently on his trips and always spent a night or two there, but he never got closer to his target because Marsilio was always present and he and his son slept in the same room and even shared the same bed. One day Giordano came for a visit and found Giovanni alone. Horny, Giordano didn't waste any time, but grabbed Giovanni in his arms and told him about his feelings. Giovanni was a smart boy, but he couldn't resist Giordano's raw primitive lust.



Giordano kissed his neck and mouth passionately and his strong hands fervently fondled Giovanni's body. Giovanni could even feel Giordano's hard erect cock pressed against his crotch. Giovanni was very close to letting Giordano fuck him right there and then, but he managed to get back to his senses. "Listen," he said to Giordano. "You have convinced me of your passion and I'm willing to give you what you want, but Daddy will be back any minute and we must not arouse his suspicions. Tonight, when we go to bed, I'll leave the door unlocked. Daddy is a sound sleeper and as soon as he has fallen asleep, you can sneak in," Giovanni managed to say before they heard Marsilio come in.

Marsilio was delighted to see his friend again and they had a sumptuous meal, but whenever Marsilio didn't notice, Giordano and Giovanni exchanged looks that said more than a thousand words. No wonder Giordano eagerly waited for bedtime, and as soon as Marsilio and Giovanni retired, he quickly stripped off all his clothes. Fondling his big throbbing cock he waited for the right moment.

Giovanni had left the door ajar, and as soon as Giordano heard Marsilio's light snoring, he slipped to Giovanni's side of the bed. He buried his burning face in Giovanni's crotch and took his erect cock into his hot mouth. He was fervently sucking Giovanni's cock when he heard Marsilio wake up. In panic, Giordano tried to sneak out, but Giovanni held his head in a tight grip and to his horror he heard Giovanni say, "Is Giordano your best friend, Daddy?" Marsilio was quiet for a while and then said, "Yes, he is my best friend. Why?" Pressing Giordano's face tighter against his crotch, Giovanni answered, "He made a pass at me tonight, that's why. He told me how much he wants me and asked me to meet him in the garden at midnight. I had to promise that I would because he was so out of his mind that he might have raped me if I hadn't. I wish you would put on my cape and go into the garden. In the darkness he will expect you to be me and you shall hear his lewd suggestions with your own ears. I wish you'd give him a sound thrashing for trying to seduce your son," Giovanni said hypocritically while still holding Giordano's head against his crotch under the quilt.

Furious, Marsilio got out of the bed and on Giovanni's advice picked up his cape. He sneaked quietly out of the house so as not to arouse Giordano's suspicions and put on Giovanni's cape. He picked up a thick branch and hiding behind the bushes he waited for Giordano to appear. After Marsilio had left, Giordano mounted the willing boy. Since he had leched after Giovanni for such a long time, getting finally between his smooth buns was sheer bliss to Giordano. The horror he had felt while suspecting that Giovanni was going to expose him only added to his lust and admiration, and he fucked the euphoric boy like a stallion. Every muscle in his body was tense and his eyes were ablaze above his flared nostrils as he plowed Giovanni's butt with inexhaustible energy. The fierce grunts and heavy breathing accompanied his fast-moving cock, which glided in and out of Giovanni's deliciously gripping butt. With clenched teeth and a deep-chested roar he deposited several rounds of thick gooey cum into Giovanni's narrow vault before he collapsed on top of the ecstatic boy. After they had recovered their composure Giovanni asked Giordano to dress up and run into the garden, giving him orders what to say and do.

When Giordano came to the garden, he rushed to the waiting Marsilio and hit him hard. He then blew up at him and bellowed, "You little slut! How dare you allure your Daddy's best friend into fornication with you right under his nose. I have heard some doubts about your chastity and wanted to test you personally. I would never have dreamed that you'd have the nerve to meet me here under these circumstances. Marsilio is a fine man who doesn't deserve a licentious and lewd son like you. Should I ever hear that you haven't corrected your manners, I shall take care that you can never hurt my friend again," Giordano bellowed and rushed back into the house slamming the door in pretended anger.

Sly Giovanni had gotten what he wanted. Marsilio couldn't expose himself to his friend in the garden, but he was euphoric despite Giordano's hard hits. He had gotten proof that both Giovanni and Giordano respected him and would never do anything to hurt him.

"Next time I go there, fucking that delicious son of his will be easy," Giordano said. "With Marsilio´s gullibility and Giovanni's cunning we'll find a lot of possibilities for wild unrestricted sex right under my friend's nose. This only shows you how daring these horny boys are, always ready and willing to open their rosy butts for a sturdy stiff cock."

"I agree," Ambrogio said. "Those little sluts are so sly and cunning that they can get away with anything." Ambrogio then told how his friend, Baldassare, had been fooled by a young lover named Stefano.

Baldassare was a virile mature man full of vigor and Stefano was quite happy with him until he met Arnolfo, a hunky young monk. Arnolfo was hot-blooded and lustful, always ready for the pleasures of the flesh. His stout candle was forever burning in front of fresh young butts. When he first saw Stefano, Arnolfo was so stunned by his beauty that he was ready to use any means available to get between Stefano's delicious buns.

Arnolfo besieged Stefano for months, telling him about the immense pleasures that Arnolfo´s everhard horn was going to give him if Stefano surrendered to his fiery lust. Arnolfo finally managed to impale Stefano while Baldassare was out of town. In an ecstatic frenzy they fucked all night, and, hardly stopping long enough to eat something, they made love fervently until Baldassare returned. Arnolfo´s fierce lust and the fabulous endurance of his hefty equipment totally enchanted young Stefano, and he had no intention of stopping to fuck with Arnolfo. Each night he tied a long cord around his big toe and threw the other end out of the window. In the dark of the night lusty Arnolfo sneaked under his window and pulled the cord when he wanted to have sex with Stefano. That of course occurred almost every night. Because Baldassare was a sound sleeper, Stefano managed to sneak out and have wild sex with his passionate lover unnoticed.

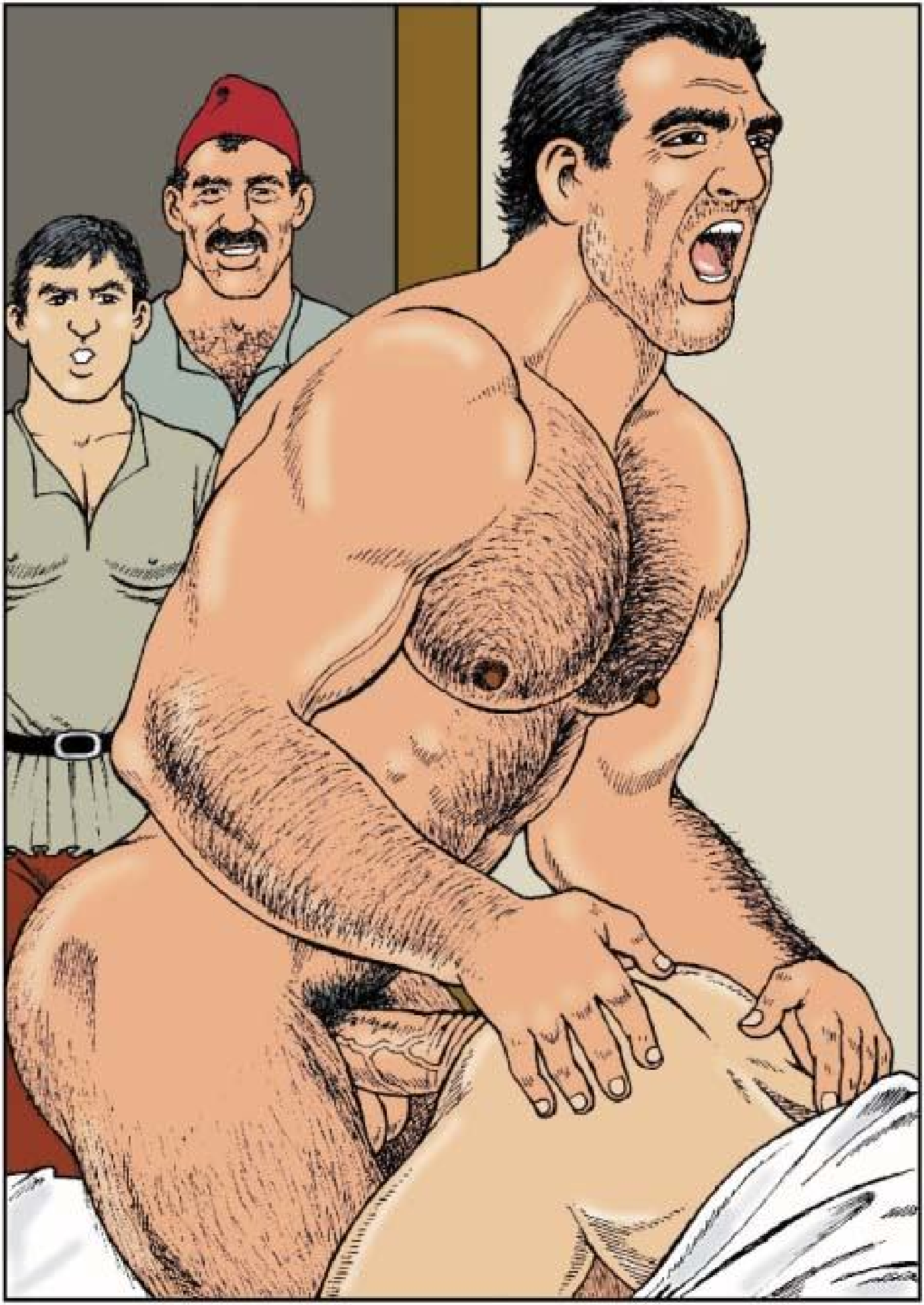
One night Baldassare woke up, though, and noticed the cord around Stefano's big toe. Baldassare wasn't a stupid man and when he noticed that the cord went out through the window, he knew right away that something was going on. He therefore cautiously loosened the cord and tied it around his own big toe.

He didn't have to wait long before the cord tightened when it was pulled vigorously from outside. Baldassare sneaked to the window and saw a man standing outside on the dark courtyard. "The old owl must be fast asleep by now. Come down quickly to ease the pressure of my aching balls," Arnolfo whispered loudly. Baldassare snatched his sword with him and ran downstairs to catch the insolent intruder, but he made such a racket that, alarmed, Arnolfo got a head-start and escaped. Furious, Baldassare followed him through the narrow alleyways, but finally lost him.

Stefano had awakened to the racket too and realized what had happened. Quickly he ran downstairs and woke up Baldassare´s servant, Sanzio. He was a raw-boned boy, morose and vain. Sanzio was used to getting punished by Baldassare, and when Stefano promised him a new cloak, he was more than willing to take Stefano's place in Baldassare´s bed. He was wrapped in the sheets when raging Baldassare returned and fell upon him. Enraged, Baldassare pulled Sanzio´s hair and hit him hard with his heavy belt. "You covetous whore! You insatiable slut!" Baldassare bellowed while he hit the screaming boy again and again. "Open up your filthy hole, you lusty tramp! I shall show you, you dirty bitch, how whores like you are treated," Baldassare roared and shoved his mighty cock inside wriggling Sanzio with one forceful thrust.

He then started to fuck the boy in a violent frenzy and was enraged even more when he realized that the boy enjoyed his violent deep-penetrating fuck strokes. "You like it, eh? Sure, a filthy mattress like you always enjoys getting more wad inside, but before I'm through with you, I swear that you won't use this hole for a long time," Baldassare said breathing heavily.
Suddenly the door opened and Stefano came in with Rosso, the cook. "You beast! What are you doing?" Stefano asked in mock surprise. Stupefied, Baldassare ripped off the sheets and to his embarrassment he saw that he had been fucking Sanzio.

"You dirty pig! As soon as I turn my back, you are fucking somebody else," Stefano cried. Confounded, Baldassare tried to explain what had happened, but Stefano interrupted him immediately. "Naturally Sanzio had a cord around his big toe. How else could I have told him to let me in without disturbing your sleep? Rosso and I were picking herbs which have to be collected by night for the maximum potency. I asked Sanzio to sleep here in case you wake up and wonder where I am, but I had no idea that you horny beast would use the opportunity and fuck his bony ass," Stefano yelled. "But there was somebody on the courtyard pulling the string," Baldassare tried to say.



"That was Rosso poking fun at Sanzio," Stefano said, and there was nothing Baldassare could do except to apologize for his stupidity. Sanzio had gotten the taste of Baldassare´s cock, and he persistently tried to seduce his master again, but to no avail. Baldassare remained faithful to Stefano and deeply regretted his hot-headedness. Shrewd Stefano kept on fucking with lusty Arnolfo right under Baldassare´s nose, but he did it so cleverly that Baldassare never even suspected anything and I wouldn't know about it either if the boy himself hadn't told me," Ambrogio ended his story.

TO BE CONTINUED ... ...

Chapter Twelve

Domenico then told his friends about his son, Duca, and claimed that Duca would never be unfaithful to his daddy. They had consumed a lot of wine, and Domenico´s description of Duca had slowly but surely aroused horny Giordano.

"Your son is no different from the others," drunken Giordano said. "I bet I can get between his buns in two days," he boasted. That caused a heated argument, and then Giordano threw his money pouch on the table. "These two thousand gold florins say that I can do it," he said. Reluctantly, Domenico was forced to accept Giordano's challenge together with the following rules: Early the next morning, Giordano was to leave for Ancona and return in two days. And to prove his success, Giordano would have to bring back some of Duca´s personal belongings and also be able to give a detailed description of Duca´s private parts.

When Giordano arrived in Ancona, to his dismay he soon found out that Domenico had been right. Duca was as decent and faithful to his daddy as Domenico had claimed. Duca stayed at home, and all of Giordano's efforts to get in contact with him failed. He finally managed to bribe a washer-woman who took care of their laundry, to hide him in a laundry basket and carry him inside Domenico´s house. At night he cautiously sneaked out of the basket and found his way into Duca´s bedroom. The boy was even more beautiful than he had imagined, and Giordano's hefty cock turned hard instantly. Giordano didn't dare touch the sleeping boy, though. He was afraid of the consequences if he were found in Domenico´s house in the middle of the night. But by the light of a candle he studied Duca´s nude body and his own rock-hard cock throbbed violently at the beautiful sight.

Duca moved in his sleep and his smooth buns parted. In his open furrow Giordano noticed a small mole quite close to his pink pucker. With shaky hands Giordano opened his fly and pulled out his robust rod. He then picked up Duca´s pants and squeezed his big fat hard-on. With blazing eyes he devoured Luca´s beauty and whacked his stiff boner until a huge silver-white jet flew out. He caught it with Luca´s pants and pushed them into his pocket after drying his cock. Giordano studied the room for a while and then sneaked out as soundlessly as he had arrived.

In the morning the laundry basket was carried out of the house again and within a few hours Giordano was on his way back to Pescara. He rejoiced at his success and the two thousand gold florins he had earned so easily.

Later that night he told Domenico how he had arrived to Ancona and described Domenico´s house in vivid details: how he had allegedly met Duca who couldn't resist Giordano's charm, and who had invited him into his house. One thing led to another and soon the horny boy squirmed in ecstasy while Giordano fucked him in Domenico´s bed. Giordano gave a precise description of the bedroom and its furnishings.

He then described Duca´s body and mentioned the tiny mole he had noticed while licking Duca´s pink pucker. He even pulled Duca´s pants out of his pocket and threw them on the table. Domenico saw that they indeed belonged to Duca and were stained with dried cum all over.

With bitter disappointment, Domenico had to admit that Giordano had been right; Duca was no different from the others. Depressed, Domenico paid his debt to an elated Giordano and hurriedly left Pescara. Duca's treachery tormented Domenico unremittingly, and he sent his servant, Vittorio, to Ancona under the false pretence that he wanted to see his son. Bitter, Domenico ordered Vittorio to escort Duca out of the town and kill him. Vittorio was shocked by his master's orders, but there was nothing he could do. He arrived in Ancona early in the morning and before noon he escorted a very happy Duca out of the town.

Vittorio was a former seaman with a lot of stamina and a powerful sexual instinct. His prominent tool was full of piss and vinegar when his lusty eyes fondled Duca´s body. Faithful or not, killing a beautiful boy like Duca was such a waste. If Domenico didn't want to have him anymore, Vittorio knew hundreds who would, he himself included. Unaware of his fate, Duca rode in front of him and Vittorio couldn't get his eyes off Duca´s bouncing butt. It would feel great to bury his throbbing cock deep between those perfect buns. If the boy had to die anyway, who would mind if he had a moment of joy before that, Vittorio reasoned while waiting for a suitable place for his attack.

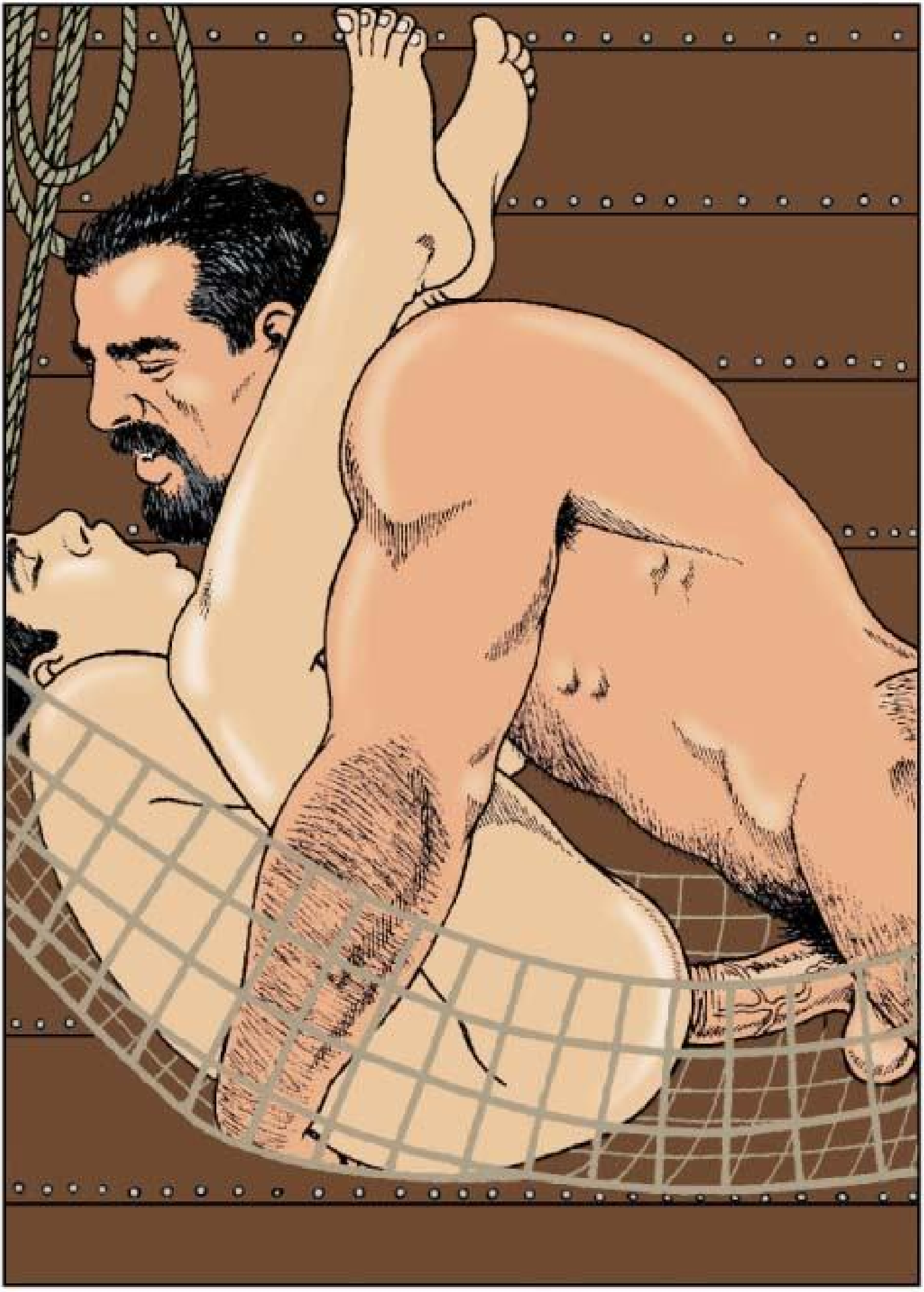
The sun was already very low when they arrived in a dense forest near Fermo and Vittorio took Duca by surprise. Duca fought furiously to free himself, but Vittorio was much too strong for him and easily tied his arms and legs with rope. Duca cried for help and Vittorio had to cover his mouth. He then pulled down Duca´s pants and fondled his smooth thighs. "Your daddy has ordered me to kill you, but I'm willing to let you go on two conditions. First, you must leave Italy at once and never return. Secondly, you'll have to let me fuck you before I let you go," Vittorio said while his big hand fondled Duca´s bare crotch. "Do you understand what I'm saying?" Vittorio asked, and frightened, Duca nodded his head.

Vittorio then tied the horses and made a campfire. He spread out the saddlecloths and lifted Duca on top of them. Unhurriedly, Vittorio then stripped off his clothes while a very distressed Duca followed his every movement full of anxiety. Duca´s eyes widened when he saw Vittorio´s erect cock in the flickering light of the campfire. It was a big fat boner with a plump shiny-skinned head and it expanded to its full glory right in front of his eyes. Vittorio´s movements made it bounce like a ship with a heavy load, and his big balls balanced the motion. Duca´s throat felt tight and his heart pounded madly when Vittorio squatted over him and released his ties. Vittorio´s hot cock was against Duca´s bare belly when the man pulled off his shirt. The cool night air made him shiver and his hands and feet were still numb, but the rest of his body was very much alive when Vittorio pulled him in his strong arms and started to kiss him. To his embarrassment Duca realized that his cock had also turned hard and he actually enjoyed Vittorio´s amorous embrace. Their kissing and hugging soon turned very passionate and kneeling in front of him, Vittorio pulled Duca´s face to his bushy crotch.

Glittering streaks of clear precum decorated the thick swarthy shaft of Vittorio´s massive cock, and Duca licked the salty juice with his slick tongue. He then took the big bloated head into his hot mouth and started to suck it. Heaving heavily, Vittorio forced his twitching tool deep into Duca´s throat, and the alarmed boy grasped Vittorio´s hairy buttocks in his hands. "Suck it, Duca. Make my cock wet all the way to my aching balls. I want to fuck you tonight like you've never fucked before," Vittorio said breathing laboriously. He then opened Duca´s legs wide apart and shoved his everhard cock inside the trembling boy. With a few fierce thrusts he reached his target and his mighty weapon was buried to the hilt inside the gasping boy. An involuntary howl escaped from Duca´s throat when Vittorio´s robust rod skewered him, but Vittorio let him get used to his new master and for a while the camp was quiet with the exception of the crackling bonfire and soft snorting of the horses. Had someone been in the forest that night he would have rushed out as quickly as he could, fully convinced that the forest was full of devils and tormented souls. Long desperate howls and fierce roaring grunts echoed from the gorge, mixed with the fiery snorts of invisible horses. A pale ghostly light flickered deep in the woods and bright sparks from Hell itself rose high up into the pitch black sky. The infernal sounds faded away for a while only to return with increased intensity and tempo. The only thing one could do when the forces of evil were rampant was to cross oneself and hurry home as quickly as possible.

When Duca woke up in the morning, he was alone. Vittorio had wrapped him inside the saddlecloth and left a horse for him. For a while Duca fondled his tender pucker thinking about Vittorio´s mighty member, but then he remembered the tangled story about his alleged affair with somebody who had thrown the evidence of his false infidelity right in his daddy's face. Vittorio had told him that during the night and despite his innocence, Duca decided to flee because of Domenico´s fierce temper. Duca dressed himself and hurried to San Benedetto, the nearest harbor. He was lucky. There was a ship in the harbor ready to sail to Alexandria and the captain, a seasoned mariner named Cristoforo, liked young Duca. When they sailed that night, Duca was on board and leaning against the railing, he watched the coast of Italy slowly disappear into the horizon. Duca felt deep anxiety for his unknown future. Suddenly a pair of strong hairy arms were wrapped around him and he felt a bulging crotch pressed against his buttocks. "Homesick, eh?" Cristoforo asked and rubbed his stubbly chin against Duca´s smooth cheek. "Don't waste your time worrying about the past. Between your buns you have one of the most exquisite cocks in Umbria. Let me soothe your pain with it and fill your rosy butt with hot sweet honey," Cristoforo said rubbing his rock-hard cock against Duca´s buttocks.

Cristoforo looked like a prizefighter and his body was tough and beefy. His manners were rough and unpolished, but when sex was involved, he was unconstrained and charming, almost poetic. It didn't take long for him to convince Duca that his miracle-meat was a cure to all his troubles and lead him into his cabin. Cristoforo´s muscular body was scarred from many fights and tavern brawls, but when he impaled Duca in his hammock, he did it smoothly and sensitively. Keenly following Duca´s reactions, he gradually added vigor to his fucking until they wriggled and twitched at the height of passion totally forgetting everything else.



The hammock swayed and creaked under their weight, but like a pendulum Cristoforo´s big fat cock grazed Duca´s inflamed prostate, forcing him to the edge of cumming again and again. With a fierce final effort Cristoforo blasted his scalding semen inside the gasping Duca who trembled and shivered in the aftershocks of a shattering orgasm.

The voyage to Alexandria took seven days, and Duca had seldom been happier. The crew treated him like a king because he kept Cristoforo happy and content. When Cristoforo was happy, the crew was happy too, or at least better off. Duca took a liking to the rugged captain, whose robust rod made Duca forget all the hardships of the forced expatriation. Cristoforo often had cabin boys on his voyages, but never anybody as unselfish and sincere as Duca, and none as beautiful either. When Cristoforo´s potent cock plunged inside the ecstatic boy, Duca´s unfeigned lust for him was so obvious that Cristoforo did his best to satisfy his young lover. He did things he hadn't done for years, and his own enjoyment reached new staggering heights.

After the ship arrived in Alexandria and the cargo was unloaded, they all went into a tavern to celebrate the successful voyage. The tavern keeper, Aziz, showed a great deal of interest in them and the wine flowed freely that night, mostly at his expense. Aziz had his reasons for the overwhelming hospitality. He was a slave trader who delivered beautiful boys to Rashid, the powerful vizier of Alexandria. Rashid's harem was filled with beautiful boys from all over the world, but his appetite for new boys was insatiable and he paid generously for them.

When Aziz saw Duca, he knew that Rashid would pay anything to get this gem into his collection. He knew also that the disappearance of a cabin boy never caused any investigation and he could always trust in Rashid's help. Therefore it was no wonder that as soon as Cristoforo and his crew were drunk enough, Duca was lured outside and rushed into Rashid's palace by the aides of deceitful Aziz.

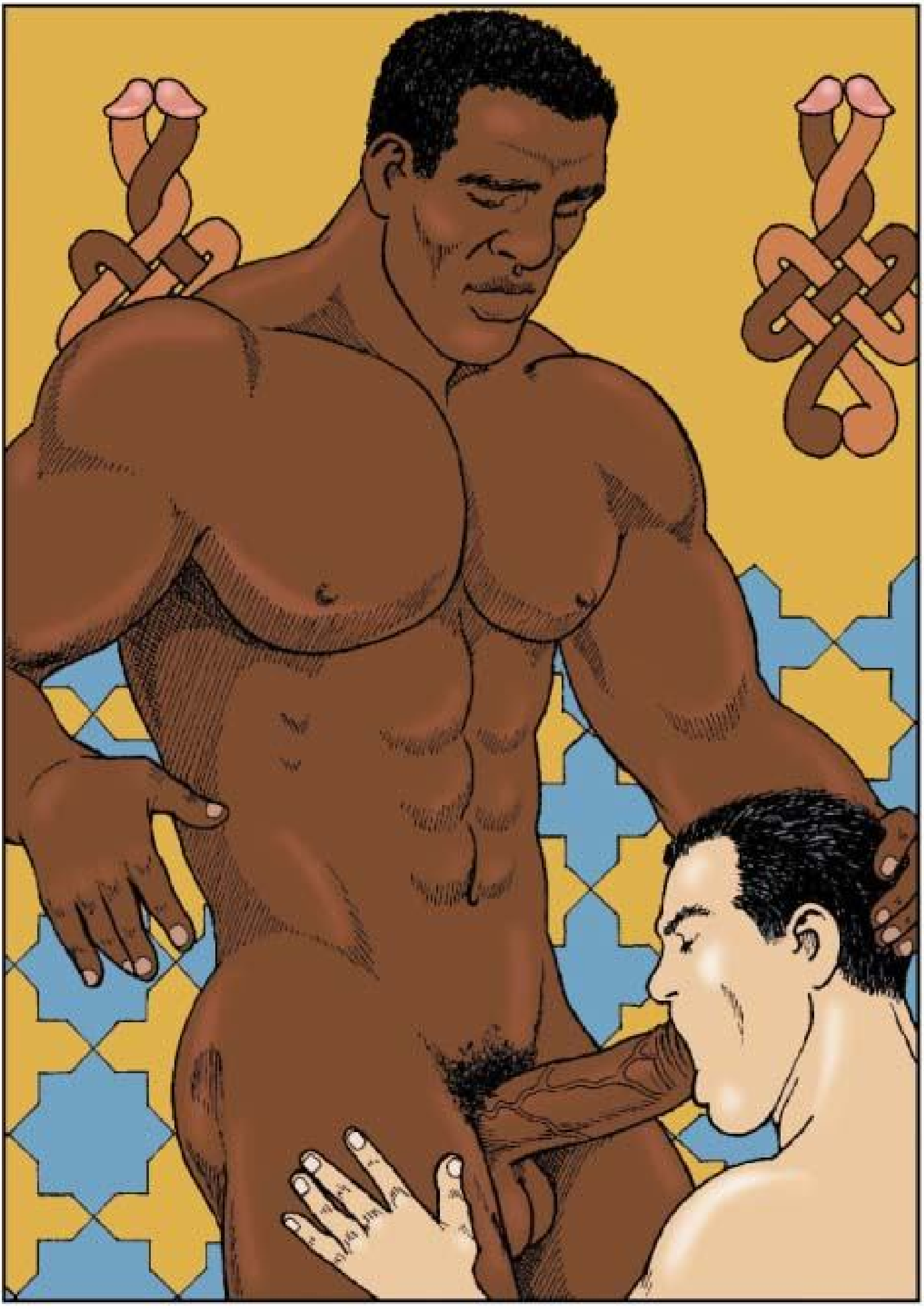
Rashid was a handsome man with black eyes and thick black eyebrows. His black beard was always meticulously groomed and his external appearance impressive. Although Rashid was surrounded by eastern luxury, he was also a former galley slave who had got his freedom and present high position because of his bravery. His muscular body was a result of long years at the oars. He had broad shoulders and massive pecs, strong biceps and tight abs. His waist was still trim and his buttocks beautifully curved. His body was covered with dark swirling hair that seemed to spread out from his thick pubic bush. Rashid was proud of his unusually big cock. Even at rest it was bigger than most men can achieve at the height of arousal. His cock was cut, and the big loose balls hung low. From this description you can guess that he had no difficulties in finding willing partners for sex. In addition to that the long years of forced celibacy had provided him with an enormous reservoir of sexual energy, and Rashid usually had sex eight to ten times a day. An important man like Rashid had no time to waste in search of suitable partners and he liked variety. A fresh new butt between his sheets aroused him enormously and therefore several agents delivered boys into his harem all the time.

Before the new boys were brought into Rashid's bed they were meticulously tested, groomed and educated. They were graded upon their desirability and status. Boys with green outfits were novices whom Rashid hadn't skewered yet. Blue outfits were reserved for boys whom he had fucked a few times, red outfits for boys whom Rashid fucked frequently, and white ones were reserved for his favorites.

When Duca arrived into the palace, he was immediately hurried to the bath. He was meticulously washed by two eunuchs who also cut his hair and removed all his body hair. He was then massaged and his body was rubbed with fragrant oils. The two eunuchs studied his body very carefully, even checking his teeth, before Duca was allowed to enter the harem.
The harem was a rectangular building with a small inner courtyard. It was annexed to the palace by a narrow corridor and it had no outer windows. All rooms opened to the patio, which was dominated by a fountain. Rashid's luxurious bedroom was opposite the entrance, and all the rest of the rooms housed 10 to 12 boys each. In order to catch Rashid's eye, the boys were semi-nude most of the time. Even if they all wanted to get into Rashid's bed, there was a lot of sex and love affairs between the boys as well.

When Duca was escorted inside the harem, he was taken into a room where there were eight boys of his age already. They were all fast asleep, but as soon as the eunuchs had left, several boys appeared from under their bedclothes and gathered to see the newcomer. They fondled Duca´s body and touched his intimate parts, but soon they returned to their earlier activities, all except one. He was a black boy with a muscular body and a radiant smile. He looked at Duca intently as he let his loincloth drop down and stood stark naked in front of him. He swayed his hips slowly, and Duca saw how his long cock expanded and lifted its purple head. He took Duca´s head into his hands and pressed his throbbing cock against Duca´s lips. He said something with a hoarse voice and forced Duca to open his mouth. He then shoved his stiff cock into Duca´s mouth, and, flexing and relaxing his black buttocks, he started to fuck Duca´s face. Like in an exotic dance he moved his hips, and his muscular thighs glistened with tiny sweat drops as he shoved his throbbing cock back and forth in Duca´s drooling mouth. Duca had never touched a black man, let alone sucked his cock, but the novelty incited him and when Duca slid his soft lips along the sturdy shaft of his cock, the black boy put his hands on Duca´s shoulders. With shaky legs he watched while Duca sucked him and then without a warning he blasted his load into Duca´s mouth. He then stretched Duca out on top of the bed and stripped off his clothes. "Tagir," he said pointing at himself and then took Duca´s jutting cock into his hand. After a few strokes he took it into his wet mouth and with his thick lips he forced Duca to empty his pulsating cock into Tagir´s hot mouth.

Tagir smacked his mouth as if tasting Duca´s cum and pulled him into his arms with a broad smile on his black face. As they were fondling each other, Duca noticed that there were several other couples in full swing on the other beds. The sounds of intense fucking together with Tagir´s hot embrace made Duca hard again, and in embarrassment, he buried his burning face between Tagir´s massive pecs. Tagir´s skin smelled of musk and sandalwood as Duca pressed his body against him. He fondled Tagir´s strong buttocks and felt his hot cock against his belly while Tagir´s hot breath caressed his neck.



Tagir pushed Duca´s legs apart and forced him to lift his butt a little. When his red-hot poker plunged inside the trembling boy, Tagir closed his eyes and drew air through his clenched teeth as if his cock had been hurt. Duca´s tight sphincter was stretched to its extreme, and he panted and heaved in agony while Tagir´s unrelenting cock cleared its way inside him. Tagir´s forehead glittered with sweat drops and he breathed heavily as he forced his mighty pole inside Duca to the hilt. Purring out of extreme pleasure he then started to fuck Duca with long vigorous thrusts. Along the way Tagir´s thrusts turned shorter and faster until his fucking was more like furious hammering accompanied with frantic moans and heated groans. Duca came almost instantly, but Tagir´s rampant cock made him go through another stunning orgasm before Tagir collapsed on top of him and blasted his hot juices inside him. Holding each other in a tight embrace the new friends fell asleep.

When Duca awoke in the morning Tagir was gone. He had no time to worry about his fate as the eunuchs came in carrying huge trays. Visibly happy and relaxed, boys gathered around them and Duca listened to their lively babble while they had their breakfast. The chirping birds in their cages added their voices to the common clamor. It was obvious that Duca was the only Italian around. He knew nothing about harems and when he was hurried out of the tavern last night, Duca was sure that he was going to be killed or raped and sold as a slave.

After the eunuchs had handled him, Duca relaxed a little, but it was in Tagir´s lusty embrace when he really stopped worrying. Not understanding a word spoken around him, Duca could only guess that he was in some kind of boarding school or maybe a monastery. Since he wasn't in any immediate danger, Duca ate his breakfast, determined to learn the strange language.

After breakfast Duca was taken to the bath again and washed as meticulously as the night before. The water smelled of roses and after the bath the eunuchs rubbed his body with fragrant oils again. Still naked, he was guided to an adjoining room, and his eyes widened when he saw what was inside. The walls of the room were decorated with the most provocative ornaments and wherever one looked, one saw objects of a most profane nature. On the floor was a long wooden bench with six beautifully carved wooden cocks fixed on top of it. The cocks were of different shapes and sizes, from an average size to an enormous one. On a side table there were several metallic cocks with different girths and lengths. There was also some kind of table with leather straps and chains attached to it.

Duca was looking at the strange objects when a door was opened and in came one of the most handsome men he had ever seen. It was Rashid. Through a lattice window he had watched the new boy and decided not to wait until the usual training period was over. Rashid dropped his gown and stood stark naked in front of the blushing Duca. He walked around Duca and studied his nude body with obvious delight. He checked Duca´s teeth, weighed his balls, and even opened his crack while the eunuchs spoke to him the whole time until the check-up was over.

Rashid grunted approvingly and gave some orders to the eunuchs. Duca was taken to the bench and forced to sit on the smallest cock. It was smooth and went inside Duca´s oiled chute easily. He was then made to sit on them one by one, and Rashid's smile broadened each time Duca managed to get a bigger cock inside him until there was only one left. To his horror, Duca saw that Rashid's big cock had turned hard, and there was no doubt that the biggest cock was modeled after Rashid's own enormous tool. The eunuchs oiled its smooth surface and made Duca sit on its blunt head. Slowly the huge cock penetrated deeper inside gasping Duca, and it was already in almost totally when panic hit him. The pain was excruciating and he knew that one inch more would surely kill him. With blazing eyes, Rashid put his hands on Duca´s shoulders and pushed him down vigorously. The beastly cock plunged in all the way, and Duca almost fainted when his buttocks hit the bench. Delighted, Rashid patted Duca on the cheek and tussled his hair. He made Duca raise his head and put the shiny-skinned head of his massive cock to his lips. Duca could feel the rock-hard core of Rashid's cock under the velvety surface as it plunged into his drooling mouth. Rashid lifted Duca´s face even more and his punchy pecker plunged deep into Duca´s throat. Being impaled from both ends with identical monsters was very hard, and tears ran out of Duca´s eyes. He couldn't breathe or move until Rashid pulled out his cock and fondled Duca´s neck approvingly. Through his blurred vision, Duca could see how Rashid's fearsome cock lifted its big head glistening with his spittle.

Rashid said something to the eunuchs, and the tormented Duca was stretched out on the table. Before he realized what happened, his arms and legs were tied with the leather straps and he was spread-eagle on the table top. One of the eunuchs took a big metallic cock and poured something inside. The monster was then shoved inside the fearful boy, who tried in vain to avoid the torture. To his surprise Duca realized that the metallic cock glided inside him easily. It felt warm and some kind of liquid oozed out of its head while the eunuch stroked his strained chute with it. Duca felt a strange kind of itching inside, and his hole felt warm and soothed. Rashid stood at the head of the table and bowed down to kiss Duca. With his firm fingers he fondled Duca´s erect nipples while his big tongue plunged into Duca´s mouth. Their wet tongues dueled frantically while the heat in Duca´s chute intensified. As the eunuch finally pulled out the metallic cock the fire inside Duca was already scorching.

When Rashid then guided Duca into his bedroom and impaled him, Duca was only grateful since Rashid's massive cock soothed his burning chute most effectively. Their first fucking was hot and passionate. Rarely had Rashid met a beautiful boy as unfeigned and open in his lust as Duca. Unconsciously he seemed to know exactly how to spur on his passionate lover and endured Rashid's fierce fucking admirably. The liquid which oozed out of the artificial cock stimulated Duca´s senses and intensified his physical sensations. Never had he experienced anything quite as dizzying and giddying as Rashid's vigorous fucking and every movement of his gigantic cock made Duca´s nerves sing eternal praise for it. When they finally lay side by side in Rashid's luxurious bed, they both knew that something extraordinary had happened. Two pieces of the same pot had finally found each other and they fitted perfectly. When Duca curled up by his side and buried his face in Rashid's bushy armpit, the powerful vizier was a changed man. Rashid was deeply and helplessly in love for the very first time.

During the next couple of weeks Rashid hardly slept with anyone else, and it soon became apparent that he couldn't live without Duca. He even neglected his work to be able to be with Duca as much as possible. Duca had a practical mind and he had learned a lot from his daddy. Rashid made Duca his right-hand man and gave him a lot of power. The port of Alexandria was part of Duca´s domain and he frequently visited the Chief of the harbor. One day several years later he saw some sailors selling their belongings on a quiet side street. Out of curiosity he looked at their merchandise and to his surprise he saw his own pants on sale. They were easy to recognize because of the unusual embroidery that the tailor had done in Ancona. Duca wanted to know how his pants had ended up with their present owner, and the man said that it was actually a very funny story. The sailor was Giordano, who had survived a shipwreck, but had to sell all his personal belongings to support himself until he was able to return to Italy. He didn't recognize the boy he had seen years ago, and when Duca encouraged him to tell his story, Giordano saw no reason why not. He told how he had met Domenico in Pescara and how Domenico´s pride in his son had irritated him. Giordano then told what he had done to get even with him and the stupid ass from Ancona was forced to pay him two thousand gold florins. Giordano had kept the pants as a talisman for years but was forced to sell them now.

Duca knew now the reason for his daddy's wrath and ordered Giordano to be imprisoned instantly. He then persuaded Rashid to send a letter to Domenico and offer him a lucrative business deal if he came to Alexandria.
When Domenico received Rashid's letter, he didn't hesitate. He was on board the first ship that sailed to Alexandria, together with his loyal servant Vittorio. When they arrived in Alexandria, Domenico and Vittorio were treated like royalty and were hurried into the palace. Luxurious rooms that lacked nothing were reserved for them, and boys from Rashid's harem were sent to entertain them. The beauty of these boys gave them both throbbing hard-ons, and their seductive semi-nudity guaranteed that their cocks remained that way.

When Tagir started to undress Domenico, he met no resistance. The black fire in his arms totally captured Domenico´s body and soul. Tagir´s passionate kisses destroyed Domenico´s willpower, and he totally surrendered to his will. After the bath, Tagir stretched him out on the divan and Domenico didn't resist. Tagir then rubbed his body with fragrant oils, and Domenico surrendered to his skillful hands unconditionally. Only when Tagir´s hefty black cock plunged into his ass did Domenico suddenly wake up and try to resist, but it was too late. Tagir held him in a tight grip and his massive cock pounded Domenico´s tight ass with ever-increasing velocity. Its plump head grazed Domenico´s prostate violently and his resistance quickly turned to heated excitement. Domenico had never been fucked up the ass before, and when the young black stallion copped his cherry, Domenico was embarrassed and euphoric at the same time.

His every nerve was alive when Tagir fucked him with fierce energy. Domenico had no idea that he could feel that way and soon reached climax. He shot a huge load of silvery-white semen on Tagir´s massive pecs and tight abs. In a delirious stupor, Domenico spasmed in the hands of the insatiable Tagir until the black cannon exploded inside him and, gasping, Tagir collapsed in his arms.

Tagir didn't know what had happened to him. All of a sudden he knew that he had to fuck Domenico, and the man's intense pleasure had turned Tagir into a maniac. Somehow the mature man acted like a virgin in his arms, and that aroused Tagir immensely. He was still semi-hard when he smeared Domenico with his cum and realized that the man in his arms was getting hard again. Ecstatic, Tagir knew that Domenico was very much in need of his cock and he was going to fuck that handsome man over and over again.

Vittorio had set his eyes on an Arab boy with big dark eyes and a beautiful body. His name was Jafar, and Vittorio did his best to attract him, but the elusive boy seemed to avoid looking at his eyes. Vittorio finally pulled him into his arms and tried to kiss him. Blushing, Jafar turned his face away from him and tried to free himself, but Vittorio was too strong for him. Holding the wriggling boy in a tight hug, Vittorio started to peel off Jafar´s flimsy green clothes. Soon the boy was sitting on Vittorio´s lap stark naked trying to hide his erection. Vittorio forced Jafar´s legs open and fondled his crotch with his big hairy hand. Jafar didn't fight back anymore, but he was sitting stiff and unyielding in Vittorio´s lap and his eyes were fixed at the floor. Vittorio whispered soothing words into his ear and shoved his rigid finger inside Jafar´s butt hole. The shocked boy tried to escape, but Vittorio kept him in a tight grip while he fondled Jafar´s hot chute. His thick finger grazed Jafar´s prostate and finally the boy wrapped his arms around Vittorio´s neck. His breathing turned faster and his eyes were ablaze when Vittorio started to fondle Jafar´s rock-hard cock too. When Vittorio shoved more fingers inside the gasping boy, Jafar tightened his hug and didn't resist when Vittorio kissed him. The touch of Jafar´s shivering lips and the soft pliability of his wet tongue aroused Vittorio further, and with shaky hands he tore off his clothes.

He carried his prey to a divan and mounted Jafar while Domenico´s intense moans echoed from the other room. Only later did it occur to Vittorio that Jafar had actually been a virgin. In a hectic frenzy of insatiable lust he had fucked the untouched boy, and it was his good luck that Jafar had enjoyed every minute of it. Jafar´s strong sphincter had milked Vittorio´s lusty cock over and over again that night, and never had Vittorio taught the facts of life to a more enthusiastic student.

In the morning Domenico and Vittorio were taken to meet Rashid. He was handling a court case assisted by an extremely handsome young man who spoke fluent Italian. The prisoner was brought in, and to his utter surprise Domenico knew him only too well. "That's Giordano, the son of a bitch. I wonder what he's doing here," he whispered to Vittorio.

Giordano was forced to repeat his story of Duca´s pants to the court, how they came into his possession and what happened later. Domenico couldn't stand still when he heard with his own ears how he had been cheated, and in cold fury he rushed to kill Giordano. He was stopped, though, and asked to explain his odd behavior. Domenico then told what had happened and burst into tears when he explained how cruelly he had punished his innocent son. His daddy's tremendous grief and pain deeply moved Duca, and he forced Vittorio to confess what he had done to his master's son.

Embarrassed, Vittorio had to admit that he had raped Duca and then let him go. "I swear I didn't kill him, your highness," Vittorio added.

"You don't have to be ashamed of yourself," Duca said. "You are a fantastic lover, and I enjoyed your lusty cock tremendously," he continued. It took them a while to understand what Duca had said, but they soon recognized him and their reunion was joyous. Domenico and Vittorio were ashamed of their behavior, but Duca assured them that all was forgiven. Without their weaknesses he would never have met Rashid, the most wonderful man in the world.

Giordano was sent to a galley ship to toil at the oars for the rest of his miserable life. In time, Domenico returned to Ancona with Tagir, who kept him going with his magnificent cock for the rest of his days. Vittorio remained in Alexandria and made Jafar very happy, but the happiest of them all was Rashid. Duca was so devoted to him that he brightened Rashid's days to the end of his long life," Gerardo ended his story.

TO BE CONTINUED ... ...

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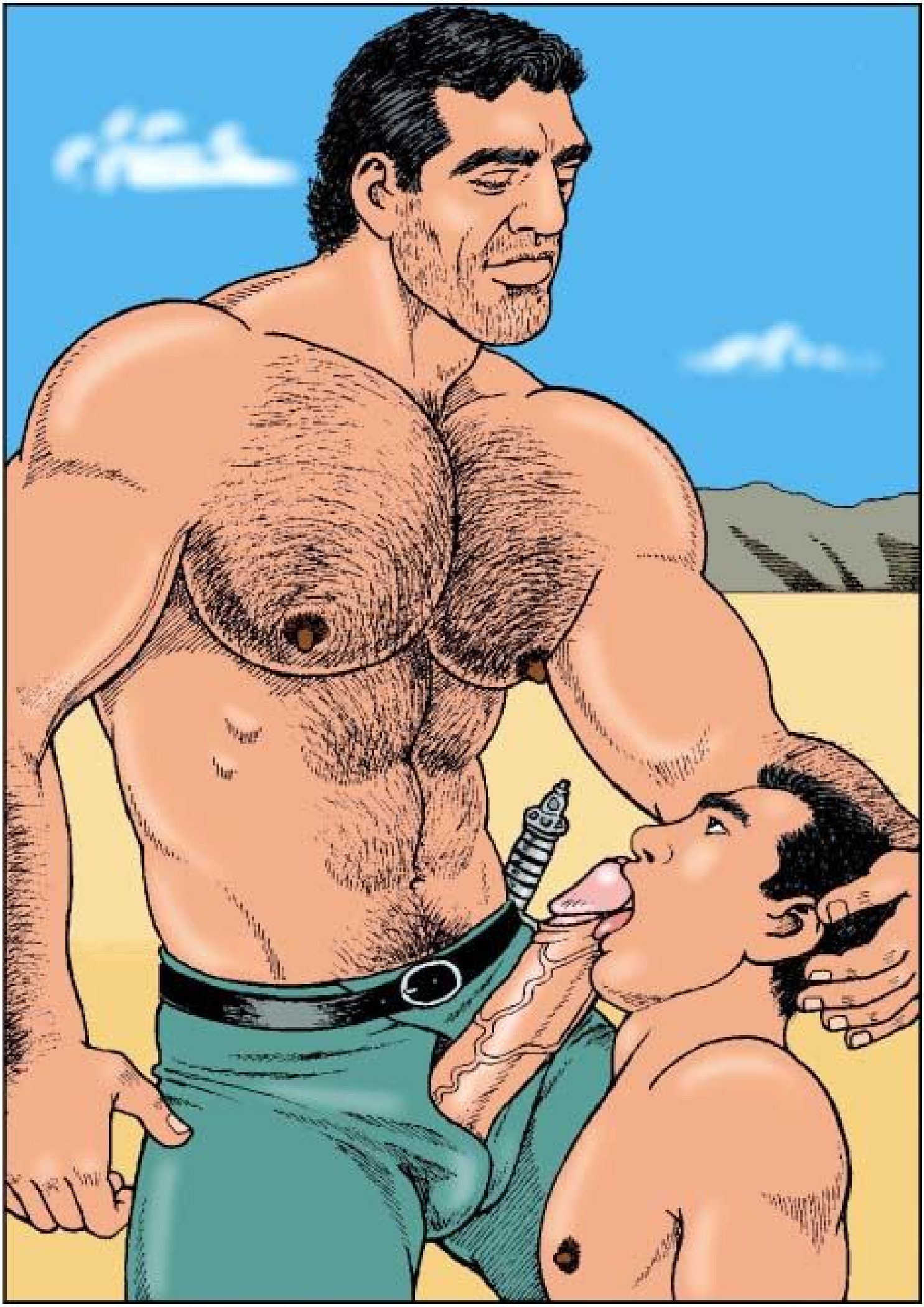
TO BE CONTINUED ... ...

Chapter Thirteen

After Gerardo ended his story, there was certain gloominess in the air. They had planned to stay for ten days, just enough to let the worst epidemic pass. They had all enjoyed these carefree days and were reluctant to return to Florence, where the horrible plague might still lurk for them. Quietly, they ate the excellent food that Gerardo had ordered. There was hardly any conversation, and a witty remark merely forced a faint smile on their sad faces.

"Dear friends," Filippo then said. "I have been thinking about our future and have a suggestion to make. I have enjoyed your company tremendously and I'm sure you agree that these wonderful days have passed all too fast. The excellent food that Ruggiero has prepared for us and the fresh country air is invigorating, and we have ample opportunities to use that extra energy in a most delightful way. Why should we return to Florence where only fear and insecurity await us? I suggest that we stay where we are. We can sell our businesses and properties in Florence and buy more land here. As Ruggiero told us, there are many men like Severo in this village. We can combine our lands and take care of them together. We possess a great variety of skills and could be self-sufficient and independent in what we need or do. We could continue living the way we want, unrestricted and free, fully assured that there will always be willing butts to be fucked and sturdy cocks to be sucked when we need them. What do you say?"

Even before Filippo had ended his speech the general depression was wiped out, and with shiny eyes they listened to his every word. Filippo´s suggestion was greeted with jubilant joy and great enthusiasm. After a night of feverish planning a column of triumphant men and boys left Filippo´s house early next morning and headed toward Florence.
Severo stood outside his house and looked at the boisterous procession. He was in deep thoughts because the village priest had just visited him. He had told Severo that a neighbor's son had complained about Severo´s conduct. He had claimed that Severo harassed him constantly with indecent propositions and deeds and the priest had reproached Severo severely for his impropriety. The neighbor's son, Mazzeo, was a beautiful boy whom his pious parents kept under strict control. He was only allowed to leave the house to go to mass with his parents. Severo hadn't seen the boy for more than a year, and therefore the accusation that Severo had exposed his cock under Mazzeo´s window and openly masturbated in front of the horrified boy, made Severo smile in disbelief. He knew that Mazzeo was a bright boy and would never invent a lie like that without a good reason. To get rid of the priest he promised not to bother Mazzeo again and was now contemplating what to do. He decided to see the boy to make sure that everything was OK. In the dusk he crossed the fields and walked toward his neighbor's house. It was easy for him to get there unnoticed because there was only one small window at that end of the house and it belonged to Mazzeo´s room.



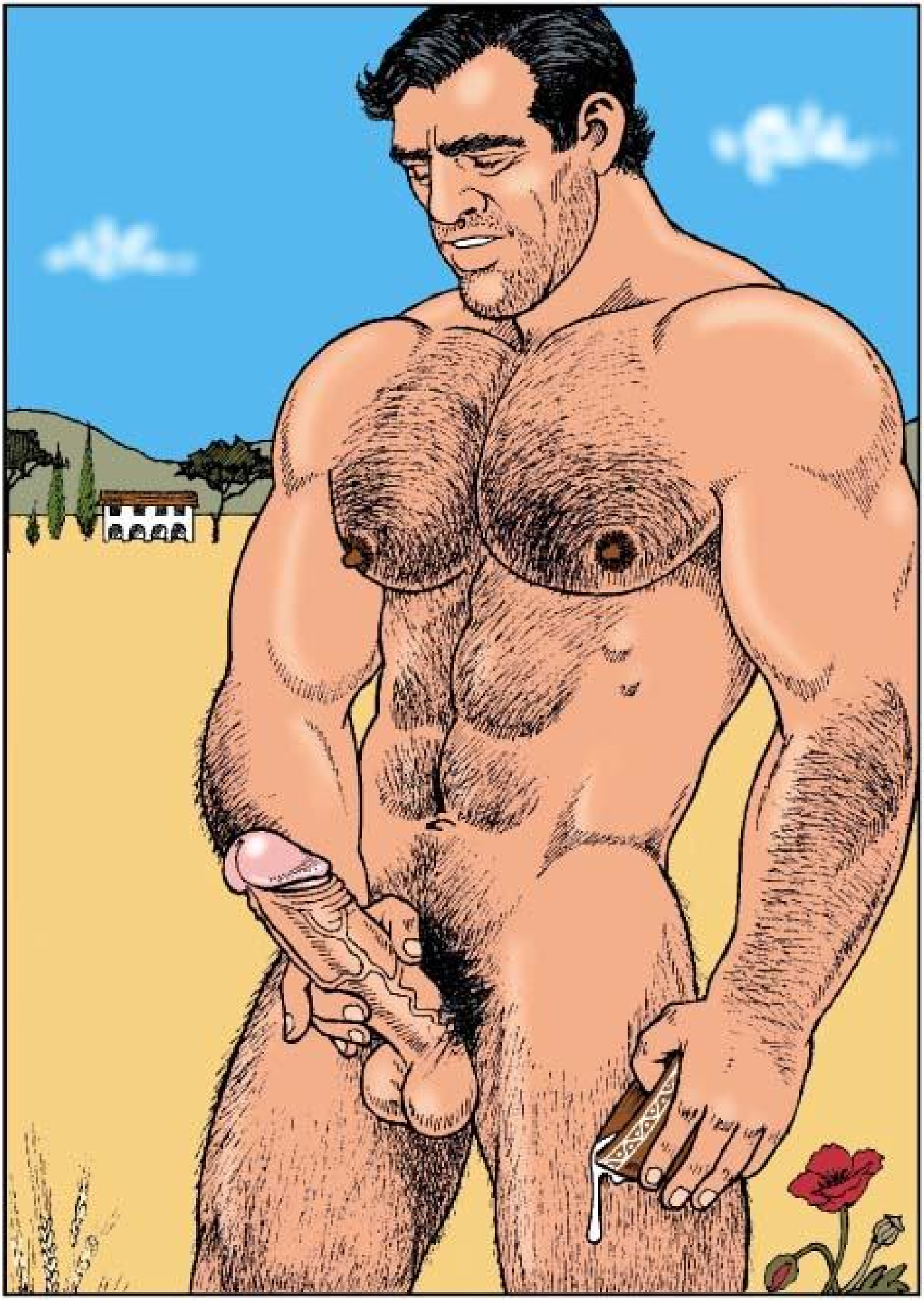
Mazzeo´s hormones had really started humming that spring. From his window he had seen Severo working in his field, and saw how his big bulging muscles glistened in the sun. It made Mazzeo´s heart beat faster, but Severo´s furry chest and the prominent bulge in his crotch made Mazzeos mouth dry and his head dizzy. With hungry eyes he followed Severo´s every movement hiding behind the shutters.

Then one day he saw how a young man kneeled in front of Severo and sucked his cock in the field. They were close enough for him to see Severo´s massive cock in its full glory and how the young man licked the spunk after Severo had shot his load. Ever since Mazzeo was in a fever and all he could think about was how he could see Severo´s hefty cock again. Therefore, Mazzeo fabricated the story he had told to the priest knowing that Severo would come and find out why he did it. Full of excitement he had waited for Severo, and when he saw the man coming across the fields, Mazzeo´s heart pounded madly out of fear and anticipation.

When Severo stopped under Mazzeo´s window, he saw the boy stark naked and smiling at him behind the half-closed shutters. When Severo opened his fly and pulled out his massive erect cock, Mazzeo´s eyes widened and in deep fascination he gazed as Severo stroked his rigid rod. With blazing eyes Severo devoured Mazzeo´s nude body while he whacked his beefy pole with fast increasing velocity. Soon white jets of gooey cum spurted out of his twitching tool, and Mazzeo´s mouth opened in amazement. Severo wiped off white blobs of thick cum from his cock and jammed the monster back into his pants again. Looking intently at Mazzeo´s eyes, Severo licked his cum stained fingers. Half-way back, Severo turned to look and he saw Mazzeo still standing at the window and masturbating fervently with his eyes closed.

The following day Severo was working in his field when he saw the priest hurrying across. Judging by his movements, it was easy to see from a distance that the priest was furious. "You scoundrel! How could you do it? You promised not to bother Mazzeo again, and I was stupid enough to believe you," the priest cried when he was closer. "This morning the poor boy told me that last night you stripped off all your clothes and stroked your sinful meat under his window, but that not being enough, you shot your load into a cup and had the nerve to ask the innocent boy to taste your filthy juices" the priest complained.

Trying to hide his smile, Severo hung his head and begged for forgiveness. He swore never to do that again, and after a while the irritated priest left him and returned to the village. That night Severo hurried to his neighbor's house, and already from a distance he could see Mazzeo waiting for him at the window. Severo stripped off all his clothes and stood under Mazzeo´s window in all his masculine beauty. He noticed a cup on the ground and picked it up. He then stroked his violently throbbing hunk of mature man-meat in front of the awestruck Mazzeo until his legs began to shake. Mockingly he then kissed the cup and blasted his thick essence of manhood into it filling the cup almost to the brim. Severo put it on the ground and unhurriedly dressed up while Mazzeo masturbated in ecstatic frenzy.



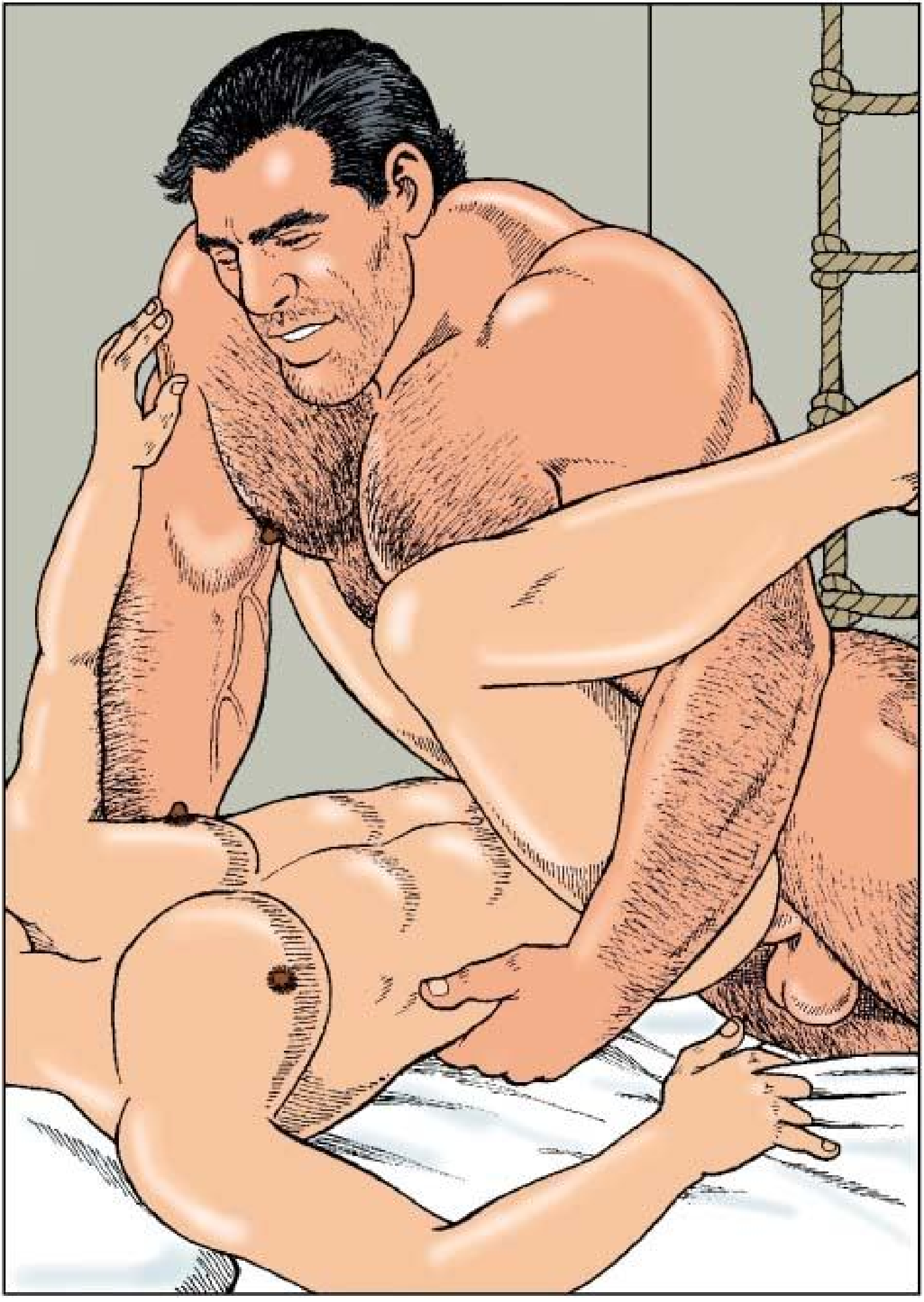
The raging priest arrived at noon. "You beast! You God damned animal! Why are you doing this? Yesterday you swore never to bother that innocent soul again and yet, no sooner had I turned my back than you harassed him again. I must warn you that even if his parents are away tonight, if you so much as approach the porch where they keep the keys of the house, you'll be a dead man. Mazzeo is so desperate because of your constant harassment that I had to promise the tormented boy an absolution on anything he is forced to do to protect his virtue from a dissolute predator like you," the priest fumed.

Severo knew now all he had to know, and with a fervent repentance of his sins he managed to send the priest away. At night Severo returned to his neighbor's house and found the keys easily. He went upstairs and found Mazzeo locked in his room as usual. He was sitting on his bed buck naked when Severo unlocked the door and came in. Severo climbed into the bed and pulled the lusty boy into his strong arms. He gave Mazzeo some passionate kisses and the boy responded to his advances eagerly. In no time Severo was nude too and the touch of their bare bodies made Mazzeo tremble in excitement. He had awaited Severo´s sturdy cock for such a long time that when it finally plunged inside him and copped his cherry, Mazzeo got his very first orgasm before Severo´s massive tool was fully in. They spent that night fucking like maniacs. Mazzeo´s youthful hornyness found its match in Severo´s mature virility and their intense lust for each other was ardently satisfied time after time in a hectic embrace.

When Mazzeo´s parents returned the following day, they saw Severo working in his field as usual and found Mazzeo still fast asleep in his bed. Little did they know that had they returned only a few moments earlier, they would have found their son in bed with Severo, impaled by his massive cock and moaning in ecstasy.

The rumors about a new kind of monastery started to circulate in the village. It was said that Filippo had donated his land to a new religious order and a new monastery was going to be founded there. The village priest had received a letter from the bishop, and he was ordered to give all necessary help to the brotherhood. He was utterly delighted when he heard that also sinful Severo had donated his land and intended to join the monastery with his sons, Angelo and Luciano. He would have been less delighted to know that in the meantime Severo had prepared a rope ladder and visited Mazzeo every night.

When Mazzeo announced his solemn decision to join the new monastery, his parents were delighted. Keeping their son on a narrow path had become harder and harder. Recently Mazzeo´s pious mother had found crinkly black pubic hairs and crusted stains in her son´s sheet. Had she not known better, she might have suspected that her son was fornicating with the Devil himself. She and her husband were getting too old to take care of the farm anyway, and they were only too happy to donate their land to the monastery for taking care of their son.



After Filippo and his friends had sold their businesses and properties in Florence, they returned to the village. The newcomers were greeted with great enthusiasm, and soon they were very busy arranging their new lives. The estate now consisted of three large houses and a hefty piece of land. Everybody had their own chores according to their skills and liking. Severo was in charge of cultivation of the land aided by Gerardo, Gerbino, and Luciano. They all lived in Severo´s house with their lovers. Bruno took care of the livestock together with Marato, Alfio, and Lorenzo. They lived in Mazzeo´s house with their lovers. Filippo lived in the third house with Marino, Ricciardo, and Ruggiero. They took care of the vineyard, olive trees, the orchard and the vegetable garden. All the food was prepared in Filippo´s house with the exception of bread, which Gerardo baked in Severo´s house, and the delicious sausages, which Bruno made in Mazzeo´s house. All the boys were helping too. Angelo was a skilful tailor who made clothes for them all. Ferondo cultivated herbs and made fine liquers while Diego cured ham and Mazzeo made excellent cheese. Gianotto raised horses and Berto made fine soap and candles. Tancredo was famous for his woodworks and Masetto´s pastries and pies were everybody´s favorites. Gianni and Paolo knitted fine fabrics from the wool that their sheep produced and Antonio made pickles and preserves for winter. Pierp tanned leather and he was also a very skillful shoemaker.

The villagers knew very little about the new monastery and its monks. Their refusal to wear frocks was considered to be a sign of modesty. The members of the brotherhood were seldom seen outside their estate, but their cheerful joviality was known by everybody. The produce of the monastery was famous for its high quality as was the industriousness of its inhabitants. The villagers knew nothing about their religious practices, but occasionally they could hear intense moaning on the estate as if somebody had been severely punished for his sins. It had to be a sound doctrine, though, because they were often visited by the high-ranking officials of the church and the moaning often reached unusual intensity during their visits. No women were allowed into the monastery, but it sometimes happened that a male villager sought help to his problems from the brotherhood. Invariably they returned the following day with radiant smiles on their faces. They were reluctant to tell anything about their experiences, but donated their land to the monastery and joined the brotherhood. This greatly disturbed the village priest who had difficulties in getting donations for his church. He therefore referred to the monastery as Santo Donazionato, and it became known by that name.

During the latter centuries the members of the brotherhood kept the tradition of Santo Donaziato´s real origins alive. Boccaccio, a famous writer, has written a book about it, but since it was written to a noble lady, he had to do a lot of alterations to the original stories which you now have finished reading. The remains of Santo Donazionato are still visible today. They say that if you go there by night, you may still be able to hear intense and ecstatic moaning amidst the ruins. If you do, please check first that somebody hasn't pinched your copy of Daddy Gander´s Decameron.

THE END

Next month we shall start a new book at this site. It´s called "The Grim, Grim, Stories Of Brothers Grimm".